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XL.

Out of Venice to Verona—What Shakspeare Did for Verona—The Coliseum and Its Legends—Bologna Churches—Sausage—Female Teachers——To Florence——Wonderful Scenery.

Out of Venice with its narrow passages and innumerable canals, with its ghostly memories, with the shadow of the Council of Three still over you, over the enormous bridge which connects the City of Islands with the mainland, and the traveler begins to feel that he is in the world of the substantial. A week or two in Venice makes one unaccustomed to it feel as though he had been dead some hundreds of years and was up and walking about as St. Mark does it, when he gets angry with the City. The City is so noiseless, so ghostly, and is crowded so full of memories all of the past, and has so little of the present about it, that one feels while walking its passages or gliding up and down the canals in its gondalas, that he is a ghost himself and not living and breathing, and he has a strange impulse to stop some other ghost and inquire after Marino Faherio, or Shylock or Desdamona, or some one else whom you cannot help fancying you lived contemporaneous with. Everything is ghostly and of the past till you come to settle your bill at the hotel. Then you know you are living and in the 19th century.

It is a comfortable awakening to see a locomotive, even though it be a clumsy Italian one, it is something delightful, after crossing the long bridge, to see a horse and a donkey, and the sight of a cart is something pleasant. You rub your hands and say to yourself that you are not a mere ghost, but that you live and are in the flesh. But it takes hours of motion o rub yourself out of Venice.

FROM VENICE TO VERONA.

The country between Venice and Verona is level, with sluggish streams, with evidences of diversified agriculture, although the vine and mulberry tree are the staples. Silk culture is one of the leading industries of this part of Italy, and every field has long regular rows of closely trimmed mulberry trees, carefully pruned, with ditches besides each row, to carry off the surplus water.

Verona is a City of 70,000 population, situated at the base of the Italian Alps, on the River Adige, a swiftly running stream, which has the inconvenient habit of overflowing its banks on the slightest provocation and deluging the surrounding country.

A SMALL BIT OF HISTORY.

Like all Italian Cities it has a variegated history. It has been a City longer than there are any authentic records: in fact, it was an important City when the Romans took it, 89 years before Christ, and has been a large City ever since. Its history is written in blood as a matter of course. The Germanic Kings had it once, and one of them married by force the daughter of the King whom he killed, one day, and in a sportive mood, forced her to drink wine from the skull of her murdered father. He was a Lombard, Alboin. The wife, Rosamunde, who was not in love with her husband, resented this indignity by poisoning him, and turned the City and its dependencies over to the Franks. Mastino Della Scalla was made its sovereign in 1259, and he tried to establish something like order, but the Veronese wouldn't have that, and they slew him, and so on it went down to something like contemperancous times. It has been held by Austria, France and Italy within the past hundred years, and is now the second City in Venitia, of the the Italian kingdom.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Meester Shakspur," as the guides pronounced the name of the immortal, made Verona the scene of two of his great works, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Romeo and Juliet." There is some foundation in fact for Romeo and Juliet, at least the Veronese insist that the story on which the poet based the tragedy is an entirely true one. It is true that in 1300 there were two houses, one Capulet and the other Montagu, which were at deadly feud, and who managed to keep the City in an uproar all the time. When ever a Capulet appeared upon the street, either one of the family or a retainer, he was sure to be attacked by a Montagu, and vice versa, and as the two families were the most powerful, after the Prince, they managed to involve the whole City in their frays. Bartolommeo, the Prince, issued a decree forbidding the brawls, making the penalty death or perpetual banishment, but the families were so strong that the decree was disregarded and the faction fight was kept up.

Romeo was a Montagu and he fell in love with Juliet the pride of the Capulets. The Capulets would have sooner seen her in her coffin than married to a Montagu, but they were married all the same, privately, and upon their tragic death was based the tragedy.

There is a Via Capulet in Verona, and the old palace of the Capulets is still standing, with the identical balcony which Romeo was wont to climb to see his love—that is if you can believe the Veronese hotel-keepers and guides.

You are gravely shown the tomb of Juliet, over which every English-speaking girl from 16 to 22, and every ancient maiden lady of from say 35 to 45 sheds a sympathetic tear. It is a dilapidated weather-beaten affair, with a strong general resemblance to a stone horse-trough. As that probably is what it was originally, Mr. Tibbits refused to enthuse over it. He remarked that if Juliet had been embalmed, and was visible in a good state of preservation, or if it were sealed and actually contained her dust, he could get up some feeling over her. But he refused to shed a tear over the empty open receptacle of a fictitious young lady, no matter how pathetic the story about her.

The ancient houses in Verona are all covered with what time has spared of pictures, it being the custom of the day in which they were built to ornament the outside as well as the inside of dwellings with paintings. They are mostly faded out now, and none in any distinguishable shape.

THE COLISEUM.

The great thing to see in Verona, however, is the Roman Colliseum, built no one knows how many centuries ago, but yet in a good state of preservation. It is an enormous structure of stone, faced with marble; the level arena in the center being 168 yards in length and 135 yards wide. From this level sanded space rises 45 tiers of seats, all around the circle, making the enormous structure 106 feet high.

This, like all the Roman amphitheaters, was used for games and gladiatorial contests, in which, in the times of the ancients, captives taken in war were pitted against each other or against wild beasts, and later, when the Christians were undergoing their persecutions, they were forced to furnish amusement to the populace by fighting each other or being devoured by lions and tigers.

The monstrous theater was large enough to accomodate 80,000 spectators comfortably, and was divided into classes. The Princes had an especial box, with a canopy over it to protect them from the sun, the nobles had tiers of seats to themselves, the principal families separate seats, and at the top the common people were graciously permitted to sit or stand, as the interest of the occasion brought out a large or a small attendance. If a particularly large number of Christians were to be dragged out for the lions and tigers to eat, there was always a crowd, as was the case when Gladiators of acknowledged talent were to fight. But the populace could not be attracted *en masse*, unless the show was something worth while. They wanted Christians who would fight the tigers. In these entertainments each male Christian was made to stand naked in the arena, and given, to defend himself with, a short sword. If he killed the lion or tiger he was pitted against, his life was spared, though he was kept a slave, and sometimes by a lucky stroke they managed to escape immediate death, which was something, as they might afterward escape slavery.

It is related of one Christian who had seen his father, mother and two sisters slaughtered in the arena, that he said to his companions, "I shall kill the lion."

"To what end?" was the answer, "To be a shave to these monsters who slaughter us for their sport. I had rather die by the lion than to live to serve these worse than lions."

"I shall kill the lion, but I shall not live."

And he selected the best sword attainable and went out determined to slay the lion, and so bravely did he fight that he did really overcome the monster.

The King so admired his courage and daring that he gave him his life, and made him his own slave, hoping to thus secure a stout soldier.

The Christian accepted the place, indeed he could not help himself, and was given a place near the King's person. A few days after, there was given for the amusement of the people another butchery of unfortunate Christians. The slave who was stationed near the royal box, forced his way to the side of the royal butcher, and drawing the very weapon he had used in the encounter with the lion, exclaimed:

"With this weapon I slew one beast; with it I now slay another!"

And stabbing the King, he made the best fight possible till he was cut down. Probably there isn't a word of truth in the story, but the guides have to tell you something to string out the time to get double fees

Likewise in this amphitheater occurred the scene of which pictures have been made and poems written. A Christian maiden of surpassing beauty—of wonderful beauty—was condemned to the beasts. She had come under the notice of one of the nobles, who had made love to her in vain. After the manner of the time, he had her arrested as a Christian and condemned to the regular death. And to carry out his scheme he procured for himself the appointment of director of amusements for the day, and he selected an especially ferocious lion for her.

The night before he visited her and offered her her life on the usual conditions, which she indignantly refused. She had rather be devoured by the lion than break her vows and wed a pagan.

The morning came. The amphitheatre was crowded, for the lion was known to be particularly ferocious and the fame of the maiden's beauty was wide-spread, and a rare entertainment was expected.

She was placed in the arena, clothed in her maiden modesty and a remarkable head of hair. The lion's cage under the King's box was opened and the ferocious brute sprang out toward her. She turned her face to heaven, sank upon one knee and offered up a prayer. The peoople were disappointed. The lion looked at her and laid down beside her. He would not touch her.

In vain the audience roared, the lion looked up into her face pityingly, she in a rapture, with her hands clasped and her face upturned to the heavens above.

"A miracle!" shouted the throng. "She is under the protection of the gods!"

And so the King accepted it as a miracle, and the maiden was restored to her people, and the wicked nobleman had his head cut off, and as the King was short of money at the time, his estates were confiscated.

There are a great many other legends told of the hoary old place, but they are all variations of these.

The top of the immense structure affords a magnificent view of the City and valley, if one has strength enough to make the ascent. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is now used for the circuses, pyrotechnical entertainments and civic plays. A rusty clown now utters stale jokes on the same ground that centuries ago was the scene of martyrdoms, and the death struggles of gladiators. The present use isn't as romantic as the old, but it is much better.

TO BOLOGNA.

From Verona to Bologna it is to be presumed an interesting route, but as we passed over it in the night a due regard for truth prevents much writing about it. Only there are five changes of cars between the two places regularly, and one which was irregular. When one can't speak a word of the language of the country, and has to take his chances of being right in making changes in the dark, traveling is anything but pleasant. Then the great floods that swept Northern Italy in November and December had taken away all the bridges on the river Po, and we were compelled to be transferred from one bank to the other in omnibusses over a temporary bridge of boats. Those with trunks fared badly, as the trunks were all left, while those with hand-baggage fared nearly as badly, for the army of beggars who seized it, whether you wanted them or no, always got it mixed, for which trouble you were compelled to pay them unmerciful fees and exactions. The lights of Bologna at 12 at night were pleasant to look upon, and even the cold beds of cheerless rooms were some relief.

Bologna is, like all the Cities of Italy, one of the most ancient and interesting in the Country. It has a population at this time of 90,000 and ought to be a very pious place, for its churches number 120, with 20 monasteries to keep up the supply of priests, and a university, which has rank among the institutions of learning in Europe.

That it has 130 churchs and 20 monasteries is very evident from the number of priests seen upon the streets, who are a trifle more greasy in appearance, as a rule, than those in Venice and Verona, and show the same sublime contempt for soap and water. Apparently they dread soap and water as a nervous women does lightning, or a variety actor a clean undershirt. They wear all sorts of hoods, robes, cords, and things of that nature, and a large percentage of them wear sandals, showing preturnaturally dirty feet. They doubtless know the scriptures thoroughly, except that one passage, the substance of which is, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

There is a small army of beggars, and in general importunity and brazen impudence they rank only second to those of Venice.

SAUSAGE.

Bologna is not only celebrated for its priests and beggars but for its sausages. Here is the fountain-head, the place of origination of the famous sausage known the world over by the name of the city, huge factories being devoted entirely to its manufacture. However one need not come to Bologna to get Bologna sausage. Much better is manufactured all over Germany, and, for that matter, the United States, precisely as you get better Bass' ale in America than you can in England. They tell strange stories of the material that enters into the composition of the sausage of Bologna, which you may believe or not. I do not believe that cats or dogs are used, though I am willing to accept the mules and horses. Dogs and cats are too lean to make sausages, the beggars competing with them successfully for the garbage upon which these animals subsist elsewhere. A Bologna beggar will get anywhere that a cat can, and his intelligence being superior he gets away with the garbage. No one can tell what enters into the edible and no one cares. It is however, made and exported all over the world and is eaten in ignorance and consequent bliss. No wise man ever goes into the kitchen of his boarding-house.

Bologna is also celebrated for its manufacture of soap—for export. The home demand for it is very light, Italians as a rule not using it.

The City is regular in its architecture. The streets are very narrow, and the buildings exceedingly massive, and built as if each one was expected to stand a seige, as indeed most of them have, and they are faced, almost all of them, with long colonades, very high, and the pillars supporting them very massive, so that the foot-passenger is under shelter all the time.

The churches are old and quaint, all of them being surmounted by towers, which rise to an enormous hight with the projecting battlements which give them a top-heavy look. Like everything Italian, they are pyramids upside-down, very much in the air, and a very slight foundation on the ground.

At the east end of the Via Rizzoli are the famous leaning towers of Bologna, the most singular structures in the City. One, the Asinelle, erected in 1109, is 320 feet in hight and four feet out of perpendicular. Another, the Garisenda, is only 163 feet in hight, but is 10 feet out of perpendicular. Whether the celebrated leaning tower of Pisa is out of perpendicular from accident or design has always been a question, but the leaning towers of Bologna were unquestionably built as they stand, and the obliquity was intentional.

FEMALE PROFESSORS.

The right of women to teach and be taught is no new thing. There is a famous university in Bologna, and always has been from remote antiquity, and it appears that the old Bolognese made no distinction in sex. As far back as the 14th century, Novella d'Andrea was among the most celebrated of its Professors, and later Laura Bassi was Professor of Mathematics and Physical Science, at the same time that Madame Manzolina filled the chair of Anatomy, and as late as 1817 Clotilda Tamboni was Professor of Greek. The ancients did not despise intellect when it came to them in petticoats, although the first named was compelled, by a prejudice of the students, to deliver lectures concealed behind curtains. After her they occupied seats the same as the male professors. Inasmuch as this was in one of the great universities of the world the employment of these women was the result of no agitation, but simply because they could fill these chairs better than their male competitors. Enlightened America may follow the precedent; there is authority enough for it.

Of course Bologna has art-galleries filled with old masters, all of the subjects being sacred, and more or less hideous. There are enough of them to weary the soul of the tourist, but they are here, and as it is the fashion to see them, you do it, in a wearied sort of way. They have Raphaels, Titians, Veroneses, and all the masters, and you are assured that they are superior to any in any other City, and that to properly study them a stay in Bologna of a week will be absolutely necessary. Bologna, like all the cities in this country, lives upon tourists, and the landlords, hackmen and guides take it as an insult if you go before you money does.

Our party having been surfeited with old masters gave Bologna one day, though they might as well have stayed five, the bills being the same for one day as for the longer stay. The hotel people go upon the principle of the man who started a hotel upon a road in Indiana years ago. A traveler stopped with him one night, having supper, lodging and breakfast. Everything was very good and in the morning the bill was asked for.

"Five hundred and three dollars and fifty cents," replied the landlord.

"Five hundred and three dollars and fifty cents for one night's entertainment?"

"Precisely," remarked the unmoved landlord. "I opened this house a year ago to-day, expecting to make $500 the first year. You are the first stranger I have had within my gates, and you must pay for them wich didn't come."

The Bolognese expect to levy so much upon every stranger, and they are indifferent whether they get it in one day or five. They permit as little to escape them as possible.

TO FLORENCE.

From Bologna to Florence the route passes through a country that affords a succession of delights. You enter upon a plain as rich as the valley of the Nile, covered with every product that can enrich a country, the grape and the mulberry being the leading products. It is a beautiful country and a picturesque. You pass scores of Italian villages with their square houses, quaint streets, and still more quaint people. Italian farm houses of the commoner class are as squaild and uncomfortable as possible, but all of them pleasing to the eye, at a distance, and the villas of the rich, who affect this country until you come to the foot of the Appenines, which range you must cross, are all picturesque and beautiful.

WONDERFUL SCENERY.

From this onward the scene is a succession of surprises. The road ascends the mountains by a series of zig-zags up frightful grades, these being lessened by frequent viaducts and still more frequent tunnels. You cross enormous chasms in the mountains via bridges of dizzy hights, you plunge into long tunnels to emerge into a fairy land where hill and valley alternate and where the clouds and mountain tops meet. You have stretches of scenery which commence at the bottom with the olive and the grape and end at the top with snow that is eternal. The track twists and curves so as to avoid impossible grades, so that from your car window you see away in the distance, parallel with you—viaducts that you have already crossed, or that you are approaching, and so on, one unending series of wonderful views and eye-delights, till you reach the summit.

Here there is a careful inspection of the train, for you are to plunge down the side of a vast range of mountains, the ascent and descent of which were justly regarded as triumps of engineering skill. Down you go, the same views ever before you, only your speed is such that you have no time to enjoy them. That which on the ascent was a view, is now only a glimpse, for despite the brakes your speed is something breath-taking. After three hours of this you find yourself on another plain, still more beautiful than that on the other side of the mountain heading for the Arno. Passing a large number of villages you come into the regions of Villas, the rugged farm-house gives way to the elegant tree-surrounded, statue-ornamented, country-seat, and you pull into the station of Florence, the capital of Tuscany, and claimed to be most beautiful city of Italy.

There is no more delightful route in all Europe than that across the Appenines, from Bologna to Florence, only it ought to be done in a carriage or on foot, instead of by rail, and it ought to occupy five days instead of as many hours. Every revolution of the wheels gives you a picture fit for a painter, and every mile affords material for a study.

However, you can't do it by carriage if you have the tour of Europe to make, and so your taste for rare, natural beauties is sacrificed to the demands of time.

LIFE'S MIRAGE.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

Sad would the salt waves be,
And cold the singing sea,
And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven-stringed lyre,
If things were what they seem,
If life had no fair dream,
No mirage made to tip the dull sea line with fire.

But on the shores of time,
Hearing the breaker's chime,
Falling by night and day along our human sand,
The poet sits and sees,
Borne on the morning breeze,
The phantom islands float a furlong from the land.

Content to know them there,
Hung in the shining air,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless coast.
His vision is enough,
To feed his soul with love,
And he who grasps too much may even himself be lost.

Harry Martin's Wife.

"I'm afraid I've finished all my yarns," said the Lieutenant, thoughtfully drawing a match across the sole of his boot as he spoke, for we were smoking in the veranda of his house at Southsea.

"Then tell us a true story," I suggested innocently.

The Lieutenant took no heed of my impudence, but pulled away at his pipe for full five minutes, in a manner which was supposed to assist the deepest reflection. Presently he began:

"Did I ever tell you how I got Harry Martin's wife for him?"

"No!" very incredulously from everybody; and from a chair in the background, "I should think Captain Martin was perfectly well able to get a wife for himself."

"There you are wrong," said the Lieutenant, so superbly that we all felt abashed, and humbly begged for the story.

"Believe it or not," asserted the somewhat mollified sailor, "but I can assure you it is as true as—as true as—Old Boots!"

This was the Lieutenant's usual formula before beginning one of his wonderful adventures, and it never failed to convince us—outwardly, at least; for who can withstand the undeniable existence of old boots? Having thus successfully closed all interrupting mouths, the Lieutenant graciously proceeded to recount the following episode in the life of Mrs. Henry Martin:

"The 'Valeria' was lying in the Bay at St. Michael's, one of the dullest holes we ever put into in all my experience. Harry Martin was First Lieutenant and I was Second. Cripps was our Captain—a good old sort enough, only he bothered us rather with reading out sermons on a Sunday, for he was a rigid Presbyterian, and was forever inveighing against the errors of Rome. Rather a queer line for a thoro-going sailor to take up, wasn't it?

Of course I could frequent leave when I wanted a run on shore, but I didn't much care about taking it, for really there was nothing earthly to do in the place. I had a bad leg at the time, I remember, the remains of a frightful hack at football when we played the 'Excellent' and beat them into fits, in this very place the Autumn before; so I wasn't up to much walking and couldn't visit the places beyond the Town, which Martin was always talking about and sketching.

"By-and-by I began to notice that, though he spoke of the general beauties of the island scenery, he appeared by his sketch-book to haunt one spot almost exclusively—the Convent of Santa Agata, on the top of a hill just behind the town. There were pictures of Santa Agata from all points of the compass. It was only to me, as an old chum, that he showed those pictures; and it wasn't long before I got out of him, by dint of a little chaff and a little judicious sympathy, that he was madly in love—or fancied he was, which is just as bad, every bit, while it lasts—with one of the sisters at Santa Agata. Why, you might just as well have been in love with the moon, for all the response you could get to your finest feelings, if you centred them on a Spanish nun. And so I told Martin, for I had been through the very identical same case myself at Vera Cruz, aboard the 'Rapid.'

"'But, Jim,' said Martin quietly, looking quite shy and red in the face, for he was an awfully modest man and not half as well seasoned in these matters as I am; 'suppose there has been some response?'

"'You don't mean to say you've spoken or corresponded with her?'

"For answer Martin pulled a little packet of letters out of his breast pocket of his jacket, tied with a piece of brand-new blue ribbon which the poor old duffer must have bought for the purpose.

"By degrees the whole story was told. He had seen Doua Dolores for the first time three weeks before, when he had strolled into the convent, at the visiting hour, to buy some of the nuns' famous lace for his people at home. That was how the acquaintance began; by looks of admiration on the one side, and apparent appreciation of them on the other. After this, Martin confessed he was always buying lace every visiting day, until the old gorgoness who assisted in the lace selling began to grow suspicious, and changed her companion for another sister more of her own caliber than pretty little Dolores. With the latter, however, our precious First Lieutenant was by this time on pretty intimate speaking terms, and by means of a market woman or a mule-girl, or some such emissary, managed to carry on a correspondence of frequent notes.

"I started in astonishment when he told me all this, but really there are no lengths that a shy man won't go to when once he's roused. Of all lovers, I've heard a girl say, there's nothing to come up to a shy man when he's in earnest.

"Well, so far the affair had gone and there it had stuck; for who was to say what could be the end of such a hopeless attachment? Hopeless, in so far that there was no chance of the girl ever being released from the convent, which, she now intimated to Harry Martin, she cordially hated. She was an orphan and had a lot of money, and though she had not taken the vows as a professed sister, you might as soon expect a shark to leave hold of your leg when he had once grabbed it, as the priests and sisters of Santa Agata to let poor Miss Dolores out of their clutches. There was nothing to advise Martin to do but to cut the whole affair and not see the girl again, but just keep close by the ship until we got our sailing orders, which most of us were hoping for every day. It's a thing sailors have to do, all the world over, for one can't marry everybody, and it's astonishing to find how in a short time you don't want to.

"But you should have seen the fury Martin got into when I suggested this everyday course to him. He talked about honor and Christian feeling exactly as if I hadn't got either one or the other. Upon my word if he hadn't been my senior officer, and such an old chum, and such a big fellow, too, I should have knocked him down for what he said. At the same time I was sorry for him, for by this time I saw he was earnest in the affair, so when he had quieted down a bit I said to him. "What do you say to a rescue?"

"He jumped as if he'd been shot, and seized me by the hand. 'Do you really mean it, Jim? Will you lend a hand to help her out?'

"'Are you going to marry her?' I asked severely; 'for it's all very good fun rescuing the young lady, only goodness knows what we're to do with her afterwards. You may be sure St. Michael's will be rather too hot to hold her or us if our share in the matter gets wind. You won't be able to marry nearer than Lisbon, and I don't exactly know how you're to get her there, either, unless the boss gives her a passage, which perhaps is a little too much to expect. It might interfere with the efficiency of his first officer.

"Poor Martin stood speechless, for though he had jumped at my suggestion, and evidently had considered the possibility of rescuing Dolores from her prison, his plans had here evidently stopped short. He had not reflected that the English Consul would never marry them in the teeth of the Spanish authorities, who would probably tear us to pieces for meddling with one of their ewe lambs.

"Well, Martin may be a very smart officer—indeed, there is no doubt about that—and he may have been a red-hot lover, but he certainly was not much of a strategist. So while I was maturing the plan, in which I was now almost as much interested as he, I set him to write to the lady and formally offer her marriage, to be arranged for and carried out as soon as ever she could be conveyed safely to Lisbon; always provided that she herself could elude the vigilance of the sisters, and join her lover outside the convent walls on an appointed evening. Back came her answer through the medium of old Carmen of the market, a friendly old hag who carried vegetables up to the Convent every day. The escape would be difficult, but not impossible. Carmen was to leave certain doors and windows of the back premises unlocked, and Dolores was to slip out at the time appointed. But, oh! were the English Señors certain that she would not be caught afterwards, for she knew that if she were the penalty would be death—or next door to it.

"Meanwhile, I have been laying out the whole plot, and very prettily I have dovetailed one thing in with another. There was an old Irishwoman married to a Portuguese Jew fruit merchant, who lived in the Jews' quarter of the Town. I had heard her tongue going one day like a mill clapper, as I passed by, and there was no mistaking her accent. I often used to stop and have a chat with her about the beauties of Queenstown, which she upheld against all comers. What her religion was I never discovered, for she held the priests in as great detestation as Capt. Cripps himself; while she spoke with high disdain of her Jew husband and his religious exercises, though she allowed he had more religion than a 'Protestant.' But she was a good old creature in the main, and her house, though rather an unsavory retreat, was the only safe asylum I could think of where Dolores might be concealed until the Lisbon steamer could carry her off from St Michael's.

"Perhaps you'll ask why didn't we postpone the adventure altogether till the very day of the Lisbon steamer's sailing; but this we did not dare do, for the "Valeria" was under orders to sail at a moment's notice, and at any minute the orders might come and the "Valeria" weigh anchor, leaving the poor little nun unrescued on the top of the hill. In my heart of hearts I shouldn't have thought this any great misfortune, for I was well aware that what we were undertaking was a terrible risk, and like enough to land us in no end of difficulties; but once entered on the undertaking, I was not going to draw back, and the heartfelt gratitude of Martin for my co-operation, combined with the enthusiasm of old Mother Zachary when I let her by degrees into the secret, kept up my courage for the adventure. I couldn't divest Mme. Zachary's mind of the idea that I was really the principal in the affair, and I had to undergo a considerable amount of chaff and much Hibernian humor before I managed finally to arrange that Martin and I were to bring the young lady on a mule to her house on the night appointed, where she was to hide the runaway, and provide a disguise for her in which she could be hustled on board the Lisbon steamer, accompanied by her hostess as duenna

"Once safe in Lisbon, the girl could be placed with friends of Martin's (we had been hanging off and on thereabouts for six months or so, and knew all the English residents in the Portugese capital) until the marriage could take place, and Mrs. Martin be sent home to England. We did not anticipate any further trouble would be taken about her if she once got clear of St. Michael's, and Martin, unlike some other poor fellows I could mention, could afford to marry whom he pleased.

"Everything was well in train. The night arrived, and Miss Dolores was appointed to make her exit from the convent at 8:30 o'clock precisely. Martin and I were to be in hiding outside, with mules to carry us down the hill by a circuitous route to the Jew's quarter—a deserted part of the Town, where Mother Zachary and her fruit merchant lived.

"But at the last moment came a terrible hitch. When Martin and I applied for leave on shore for the evening, old Cripps told us that he intended dining and sleeping on shore himself at the Consul's, and he could not give leave to both his senior officers to absent themselves the same evening. We could decide between ourselves which was to remain, but one must certainly do so.

"We dared not show the Captain how dreadfully we took his sentence to heart, but withdrew with our usual bows, looking unutterable things at each other.

"'You must go,' whispered Martin; 'I'm no good at all; I should lose my head and spoil it all. You must go, Jim, old fellow, if you're still game for it, though goodness knows how I shall get through the time till I know you are safe.'

"There was nothing for it but for me to go as Martin said, for he was so excited he would have 'boshed' the whole thing. So, by-and-by, having given the Captain, in his full dress togs, the precedence by about half an hour, I was rowed ashore, just about sunset, and told my men to be ready to take me off again to the 'Valeria' at 10 that evening. I went round to the Plaza and hired a mule, avowedly for a ride into the country; and a miserable brute I got, for all the animals were out, except this one, at the Consular dinner-party. I dawdled about the Town for a while; then after the angelus had finished singing and the dusk began to creep down, I turned my beast's head up a narrow side street which led to the very walls of Santa Agata.

"There was scarcely any one about, for the natives have an idea that the hour after sunset is unwholesome in the outer air; so I made my way up the street unnoticed by any one except that at a turn of the road I saw the sharp eyes of Carmen, the market woman, glancing at me, first suspiciously, then knowingly, as she descended the hill with her empty baskets piled on her back. Very soon I was safely landed at the appointed spot, a thick clump of coarse alder bushes, which grew close under a small stone window belonging to some outer buildings of the convent kitchen department. The window was a good bit above my head, and so deeply imbedded in the thickness of the wall that it was only by standing well out from the building that I could see into the aperture, which was secured on the inside by a screen of wire trellis work, such as is often used over larder windows.

"This was the opening which Carmen was to have loosened, and sure enough, after a short spell of waiting, I could plainly hear a rustling and rummaging inside. Then a hand pulled back the screen, and a minute after, something soft and black, of no particular outline whatever, filled out the window frame, and came creeping outwards towards the edge of the wall. "Are you ready?' asked a soft voice, and almost before I could reply, something jumped bang into my outstretched arms. I declare to you she was not much bigger than a good sized kitten. Such a little bit of a thing as Martin's Dolores I never saw in my life. For my part, I like them tall, and broad too," observed the Lieutenant, in the confidential rather than the narrative strain; "but this Dolores was a wonderful beauty though there was so little of her.

"She was a bit frightened and shy at first, especially when she discovered, by catching hold of my whiskers, that I was not Martin, who shaved clean in those days. But very soon I had got her on the mule and explained matters in my best Spanish, and we were creeping steadily down the hill, the best of friends, and Dolores, who was not more than 17, apparently in childish high spirits at the success of our enterprise.

"But though she had done her part so easily, I didn't feel at all sure that the adventure was ended. There were lights moving to and fro at the upper windows of the convent, and at any moment her presence might be missed, while the open window, with its piled stools and boxes on the inside, would declare which road she had taken.

"Just at this juncture the confounded mule, that up to this time had behaved himself pretty decently, began to tack about in a manner simply fiendish. He was all over the road at once, and you never knew whether his head or his heels would be uppermost. I suppose it was the girl's clothes that excited him, unless the beast was in league with the priests, and was doing his little best to stop the affair—those Spanish mules are artful enough for anything. Added to this, Miss Dolores got frightened, and I could hardly keep her from screaming out; and my leg, which had not done so much work for a long while, began to ache and throb so that I could scarcely keep up with the mule's vagaries.

"We hadn't made more than a quarter of our journey when I saw plainly enough, by the sudden appearance of lights and torches in front of the convent above us, that the little sister's escape was discovered, and that the holy ladies were in hot pursuit. I wasn't so frightened of the ladies themselves, for I flatter myself I have rather a knack of managing them, but I had an unpleasant idea that they might have called in the assistance of hardy peasants armed with pitchforks, the thought of whom I did not relish so much.

"In vain I dug my dirk into the hind-quarters of the mule; we could not keep the pace; and soon cries and noise behind us in the darkness told us that our pursuers were close upon us. At the top of the steep vineyard path I seized the end of the nun's black cloak, and wrapping it around her head to prevent her cries being heard—for she was by this time quite beside herself with fear—I jumped off the mule and dashed with her into the vineyard, which edged the road on either side with stumpy thick bushes.

"The mule, released from restraint and maddened by a last prod from my dirk, galloped with astonishing clatter down the narrow road, followed almost instantaneously by a shouting mob of people, all in pursuit of what they believed to be the heretic and his captive. I could not help chuckling as they tore by, the old jackass leading the way at a speed to which I had been vainly urging him all the evening.

"But there was no time to be lost, for the road which the pursuers had taken was the one which led straight to the entrance of the Jews' quarter, and it was clearly impossible to try and make that port. I had not a moment to reflect, or probably I should not have dared to do what I did. Raising and disentangling Dolores from her heavy cloak, I half dragged, half carried her across the vineyards, down to the seaboard, and thence by the quickest and quietest road, to the steps where I had told the men to meet me with the boat. It was lying in waiting, for the big clock of the cathedral had just gone 10, and without ceremony I tumbled my living bundle into it, and, jumping in after her, gave the word to be off.

"Not a minute too soon—for the quay was all at once alight and alive with people and lanterns. The news of the escaped nun had just reached the Town, and I saw my old enemy, the mule, being dragged into the Plaza and surrounded by a crowd of gaping Spaniards, who seemed to expect he would open his mouth and tell them what had become of the runaway. Our boat did not altogether escape notice, for some one ran along the quay with a lantern and cast a long bright flash across our course, but we had pulled through it before anyone could have recognized that the dark mass in the stern of the boat was the lost lady.

"My men pulled on in steady, stony British silence, just as if their officers were in the habit of making a dash for it every two or three evenings a week, with some young lady or other. But I was beginning to feel horribly uncomfortable as to the reception Capt. Cripps would give me and our fair visitor, and I recollected with relief that for this night at all events he was safely disposed of. I thought it best to give the men my version of the story; so, before we reached the 'Valeria,' I told them, in the most business-like manner possible, that the young lady was detained against her will in a convent, and had appealed for protection to the British man-of-war 'Where she'll find it, lads, of course!' I ended, with a confidence which I am bound to say I was very far from feeling.

"Wasn't I glad just to find myself safe aboard the "Valeria" again, handing over Dolores, who by this time was quite frightened and cowed into silence, to my superior officer, as in duty bound, and retiring a bit aft myself until their first greetings should be over. Then I came forward and explained briefly how it was that the plan of boarding Mother Zachary in the Jews' quarter had fallen through, and exonerated myself for taking the dangerous step of bringing the girl to the "Valeria," which would in all probability be searched the first thing next morning by the local officials with a warrant from the English Consul.

"Naturally the presence of the lady could not be concealed from the officers and the ship's company, most of whom were already agog to know who was this mysterious female who had suddenly appeared on the quarter deck. Martin, calling the men together, gave them much such an explanation of the affair as I had made to the boat, keeping his own and my special part in the business cleverly out of sight, and leaving each of his auditors with a pleasing impression that it was in consequence of his own remarkable honor and gallantry that the poor distressed Spanish girl had flown for protection to the men of the 'Valeria.'

"Martin then conducted Dona Dolores his own cabin, where she was entreated to make herself as much at home as possible, for though an untoward accident had marred the complexion of our plans for our safety, there was not a man on board the ship that night who would not prevent her return to the convent, if necessary, with his life. Martin was to turn in along with me, but though I was almost dead beat, it was a long time before he would let me get to sleep for discussing a hundred different ways of concealing the young lady during the search which we knew was inevitable next day, and for appeasing the wrath of the Captain, a rigid disciplinarian and martinet, which was only one degree less terrible. I fell asleep in the middle of the discussion, and Martin, I believe, went up on deck to star-gaze or else station himself on guard without his own cabin door, within which he had cautioned the girl to remain until something was decided for her safety.

"I was roused out of what seemed only like half an hour's sleep by the knock and entrance of Mat, one of the mess waiters, a clever, handy chap, whom I had several times thought of taking into our confidence when the rescue scheme was at first undeveloped. Having coughed and hemmed once or twice, and fidgetted about with my things, which lay in a heap on the floor, as I had kicked them off at night, Mat looked at me very knowingly and said, pulling his forelock:

"'If you please, sir, don't you nor the first officer be in any taking about the young lady. With your permission me and some of the other chaps have a plan which'll beat the Papishes hollow. Just you give us leave, sir, and the thing's done, and the young lady as safe as a bird, sir.'

"'But what's your plan?' said I, for I was beginning to feel I'd done enough in the concern, and would willingly shove off the rest of the responsibility upon Martin or Mat, or any one who liked to take it.

"'Music, sir,' said Mat, coming confidentially nearer, and chuckling so that I could hardly make out what he said. 'We'll receive the gentlemen, or deputation, or what not, with all the ropes manned and the colors flying and the band playing on deck, just as if it was the Admiral or the Duke himself.'

"'Well, and what then?' I asked rather crossly; for I couldn't quite see the point of his wonderful reception, nor how it was to relieve us of anxiety on the score of Dolores' and our own safety.

"'Why, the big drum, sir,' said Mat, triumphantly, as if now he had mentioned something so crushingly conclusive that all further explanation was unnecessary. 'I plays it as you know, and I'll play it to-morrow, but not so hard as to hurt the young lady inside, sir.'

"And in the big drum Dolores was actually concealed next morning when old Capt. Cripps, as innocent as a lamb of what had occurred during his absence, conducted a strong party of priests and police officials over and into every nook and corner of the 'Valeria' in search of the missing nun. We were all in fits of laughter while the old fellow did the honors of his vessel, and the Spaniards' faces grew longer as their search proved fruitless and unavailing. They left not a cranny unnoticed, while the band played gaily on deck, and the big drum appeared to do quite as much duty as usual, though the broad grins of the faces of some of the bandsmen and the preternatural solemnity of Mat's countenance might have led any one to suspect that something was up.

"Martin was, of course, introduced to the visitors as first officer of the ship, and one old priest asked him suspiciously if this were the usual state of things on board an English vessel, band playing and flags flying as if for a holiday?

"'Oh, no,' Martin answered coolly, 'we saw that the Captain was bringing off a boatload of distinguished visitors the first thing this morning, and I instantly set about having the ship dressed and the music playing to do honor to their arrival!'

"The old chap couldn't but be pleased at this compliment, and at last they all cleared out, making a thousand apologies for having for an instant suspected any of our honorable number of complicity in the nun's escape. We heard them as they left deciding to make for the opposite side of the island, where dwelt a wild tribe of Moorish people, who might have given the girl shelter. How we laughed as they were rowed ashore! Although there was still old Cripps to tell, which to my mind was the worst part of it all, our spirits began to rise with the success of our last move.

"The bandsmen cleaned up their instruments and retired, and Dolores was huddled back into Martin's cabin, where breakfast was spread, and the key turned on her. I believe the Captain was the only man on board his own ship who did not see the whole transaction; but he was tremendously taken up with our immediate seagoing orders, which had just arrived, and the anchors were to be weighed and the 'Valeria' off to Lisbon without an hour's delay.

"We all had to look alive that morning, and I declare it wasn't till we sat down to dinner in the afternoon, by which time we were almost out of sight of St. Michael's, that I had time to think of the little prisoner in Martin's cabin; though, to judge from his moony look Martin had never thought of anything else. Naturally the conversation at the Captain's table, at which the senior officers likewise dined, turned upon the examination of the morning, and in answer to a mute appeal from Martin, opposite, who was unable to say a word, I boldly asked old Cripps, point blank, what he would have done if the poor little girl had run for refuge to the 'Valeria,' from the tyranny of the priests.

"'Done, sir!' thundered the old gentleman, spluttering over his grog in his excitement, 'I'd have done what every other Christian and officer and gentleman would have done; given the poor little creature shelter and protection from the rascals that were hunting her, and a chance of becoming a sensible British Protestant! Why

THE WEEKLY BLADE

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OBLIQUE QUESTIONS.

The Trouble One Has in Making a Backwoodsman Understand.

Arkansas Traveler.

A dark cloud hung in the west, the wind roared in the distance, and the leaves trembled in that settled stillness which precedes a storm, as a horseman dashed up to a fence surrounding a small cabin in the great pine woods of Arkansas.

"How are you, my friend," called the rider.

"Aint 'zactly yo' friend," said the man, who sat in the doorway greasing his shoes, "cause I never seed yo' afore but I'm so-so, how is it with yo'self?"

"I am about to be overtaken by a cyclone, and I want shelter."

"Cyclone," repeated the squatter. "I've been in this country some time an' I never seed one yit. Cyclone," and he rubbed his red hands over his cow-hide shoes. "Believe I had hear of one over in Lick Branch settlement. Feller caught him in a bear trap."

"My kind sir, you misunderstand me—"

"Ain't a kind, sir, Daddy-in-law says I'm the wust in the pen."

"I've got no time to fool—"

"Oh, yes, act mischal."

"What did you say?"

"Said make yo'self easy," and dipping up a handful of melted tallow he spread it over his shoes.

"There's a terrible storm coming up, and I don't want to get wet."

"Pears like you do."

"I want you to give me shelter."

"Ain't nary un. Had a shelter whar Jake hung his terbacker, but I tuk it down an' kivered the beans with the boards to keep the frost offen 'em."

"I see there's no use in fooling with you," said the stranger, when the rain drops began to fall. "Under your roof I could remain dry, but—"

"Bet yo'rd be dry, fur I ain't had a drap to drink in a week."

"How far is it to the next Town?"

"In what direction?"

"This way, pointing."

"It's furder den it is the other way."

"Well, how far is it?"

"Dinged if I know. In late years this land's got into the habit of stretchin', so that a man can't tell half the time whar he is."

"Come, I'll get wet."

"That's all right, but I reckon I won't come."

"I only ask you to let me stay in your house till the rain is over."

"How can you stay in my house when you ain't in thar?"

"You're the biggest fool I ever saw."

"Bleeged to you for the compliment."

"May I go into your house and stay there until the rain is over?"

"Yes, sir, jes' git down an' make y'self at home. If yo' had axed me that question at fust, yo' coulder been in thar all the time. Way with yo' fellers. Ax a thousan' questions all aroun' a pint, an' never hit the spot. Have a seat, while I scuffle aroun' an' git a bite to eat fer yo'. Wife's gone from home, but I reckon we ken make out. Don't mind that dog, fer he can't bite. So old his teeth's all out. Don't git skeered; he'll only pinch a little."

Duelists, Cowards and Shirks.

Henri Watterson.

The disuse of dueling with us may be ascribed in part to the same cause, joined to the absurd figure which the professional duelists of the South cut in the war between the sections. One and all they made the poorest soldiers. They could not endure fatigue, they could not tolerate discipline, and in many cases they turned out to be not merely lazy and idle braggarts, but pusillanimous cowards. To-day no Southern man of character and responsibility would send or accept a challenge. He would shrink not so much from the encounter as from the disgrace, and less from the disgrace than from the contempt which has fallen upon the belligerent correspondence, the mock-heroic settlement on paper and the reciprocal publication of mutually satisfied honor. As a rule, however, during the reign of the code, its votaries were either hot-headed young men or men leading loose and reckless lives. The same may be said of those who, too impetuous to wait for the formalities of the code, seek the common thoroughfare as a field of honor, and improvise their duels without seconds or surgeons or benefit of clergy. You and I and all of us know that these episodes are, in nine cases out of 10, the result of the use of stimulants, and that those who take part in them, so far from being representative men and admired of the multitude, are generally men upon the down grade of social consideration, or else men entirely outlawed from decent, Christian brotherhood.

No Danger from Lightning.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Superintendent Martin when asked as to what effect the lightning would have on the big bridge said: "It would not injure the structure I can assure you, and this I am able to state from personal experience. A number of years ago I was standing under the arch of the New York anchorage during a thunder storm congratulating myself on being so thoroughly protected. My arm rested on the masonwork, and I was taking things very coolly and calmly when I received a series of severe shocks, which in due course of time led me to look around to see what damage had been done. I found that a flag staff on one of the derricks had been struck by lightning, but there was not the slightest evidence of any damage to the mason work. No one ever heard of an iron bridge being struck by lightning. The fact of the matter is that the four cables form excellent lightning rods, leading down 25 feet bel ow the surface of the earth into moist ground." "Col. William H. Paine, of the Bridge Engineering Corps, when asked with regard to the effect of electricity on the structure, replied with a categorical answer by inquiring if the reporter of the *Eagle* had ever heard of a hardware store being struck by lightning. Here the conversation ceased, owing to a lack of scientific data on the part of the *Eagle* representative.

How Ostrich Eggs Are Hatched.

Chicago Gazette.

The old story about the female ostrich covering up her eggs and then leaving them so be hatched out by the hot sun is all bosh. "The female," he says, "sits on the eggs in the daytime, and the male assumes that duty at night, allowing the female to seek rest and recreation while he attends to the household duties. It must be noted here that the male is much more solicitous for his household than is the female. It not unfrequently happens that the latter prefers to gad about rather than take her turn at sitting, and on such occasions her lord and master administers to her a deserved chastisement by kicking her heartily around the paddock until she manifests proper contrition and signifies her willingness to settle down on the eggs." The eggs weigh about three and a half pounds apiece, and are said to be of not unpleasant taste. One of them contains food enough for a plentiful breakfast for four persons.

Ravenous Variety of Pike.

New York Tribune.

The butler of an English country house near Market Drayton recently disappeared under circumstances which suggested that he might have been drowned in the lake which lies near by, and a professional diver was employed to make a search. The lake had long been famous for pike, but the diver affirms that it is "faisly stiff wid 'em," and moreover that they are fearless, savage and powerful to a degree which he had never conceived. They glided around him in a threatening manner, and one gigantic fellow, darting from under the shadow of a log, smote him full on the breast with such a shock that he fell over on his back and became so faint and sick that he had to go ashore with all speed. The unpleasant insinuation is that if the butler was drowned in that lake there is no use looking for his body.

ANECDOTES.

The Oldest Inhabitants Swapping Recollections.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I see that the Star Route cases are crowding to a close," murmured one of the assemblage, as the regular comers gathered at the drug store and prepared for the business of the evening.

"Speaking of carrying the mails," remarked the Captain, "When I lived on Feather River, California, in '49, I saw the mail carriers and noticed their way of travel. They had sort of snowshoes, and they would go down the side of a mountain at the rate of three miles a minute. I've seen 'em go so fast that the friction turned the snow to steam, and a good many of 'em were blown up by it one Winter."

"How did they get up a mountain side?" inquired a listener.

"They would go down one hill so fast that the impetus would carry them to the top of the next," replied the captain. "Sometimes they didn't always fetch it. I know one man, *Phil. Philbrick*, who saw a good many of them smashed up, and he got out an invention that beat the world. He built him some snow shoes on which he could travel six miles a minute, and when he got to the bottom of one mountain he'd go *right* through the next, and he made his eternal fortune where the rest were starving."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then one gentleman remarked that he had seen a man jump 18 feet, standing jump.

"Speaking of jumping," observed the captain, "that reminds me of what a cougar did down in Sciatica Gulch, back in '51. I had my stock corraled in a patch around which I had put up a 10 foot fence. Well, sir, one night a cougar jumped over that fence, seized a six months old colt, and I'm blessed if he didn't jump back with that colt in his mouth."

"How big is a cougar, captain?"

"They are a species of a wild cat and I don't suppose this one was as big as a Newfoundland dog!"

"That is a nice yacht of Jay Gould's," said a bystander, apparently anxious to change the topic.

"Speaking of yachts," chipped in the captain, before any one else could reply. "That reminds me of my yacht on Feather River. She was a dug out, made of a solid log, 40 feet long. I put a sail up on her one day when the wind was blowing pretty fresh, and I made 30 miles an hour right up the rapids! The falls on Feather River are pretty high, I should say 200 feet, and the way that yacht went up those falls would make Mr. Gould take down his sign! I had a bad job getting back. The wind was dead ahead, and the river was too narrow to beat in, so I had to row. She was the lightest rowing boat I ever got into and you bet I was going! The river is wider just above the falls and I thought I would put up sail. You can imagine what headway I was under when I tell you that, as soon as I got that sail up and the wind struck it, my boat broke right in two amidships, and I floated home on the bow, while the stern went up stream and landed in the Gulf of California that night! Six hundred miles on the dead level!"

And then the party broke up.

A Pertinent Rebuke.

New York Tribune.

A good story is going about the clubs concerning a New York millionaire who owns a big stock farm in New Jersey. He has put in force strict rules about the admittance of curiosity-seekers, and if one happens to get in, he is soon hustled off. The other day a neighboring farmer called on business. He had never been on the place before, and entering a gate he found open was strolling around looking for the Superintendent, when the owner, who happened to be there, encountered him. Supposing him to be merely an idler or prying person, he asked him what he was doing there. The farmer, taken aback by such an address, replied: "Nothing." The owner said: "Do you know at which gate you came in?" "I do," said the farmer. "Well, then," said the owner, "get out there as soon as you can;" and the farmer walked out. Shortly after the superintendent came up and inquired if neighbor so-and-so had been there. He was the only one anywhere about who had timber they wanted very much, and he wanted it immediately. He had promised to come that morning to see about the sale of it. "Well," said the owner of the farm, "I shouldn't wonder if I had just sent him off with a flea in his ear. I found a man strolling about here, and supposing him to be one of these stragglers I cleared him out. Where does he live? I will drive over and see him." Off he started at once. Reaching the farm-house he drove in, and seeing him began an apology, but was cut short by the farmer, who inquired if he knew at which gate he came in. He said he did. "Then," says the farmer. "I want you to get out as quick as you can," and the owner of the stock farm was obliged to depart.

A Hard Working Millionaire.

Nevada (Cal.) Enterprise.

Orrin Gowell, a large owner in the Manzanita hydraulic mine at this City, is worth in the neighborhood of $4,000,000. He owns considerable valuable property at San Jose and has a palatial home at Fruitvale. He spends several months of each year in Nevada City, and is one of the most industrious men on the coast. He dresses as commonly as does the humblest laborer in his employ, and no man around the mine gets to his work as early in the morning or stays so late at night as he. He doesn't stand around with his hands in his pockets like some superintendents and foremen that we know of, but with pick and shovel puts in as many "licks" in a day as though his situation depended upon the industry he displayed. A few evenings since a friend was rallying him good-naturedly on his lack of "style," when he laughed heartily, and said that it was sometimes a source of much amusement to him. "One day last Summer," said he, "I was doing some work near my house at Fruitvale, when an Irishman came along the street, and, seeing me there, jammed his face against the pickets of the fence, and called out cautiously: "Soy, Pat, can't yees ship into the kitchen widout missus seein' uv yees and git me a bit of bread?" The poor fellow looked hungry and honest, and I went in and got him some of the best the cook could give me. When I brought it out he was the most grateful man you ever saw, and congratulated me on my shrewdness in making such a good haul without being caught and losing my place."

Killing Dogs by Noxious Gas.

Philadelphia Times.

The death-trap in Philadelphia consists of a brick kennel with a tin roof sloping upward from the east end, where the entrance is to a window at the west, from where the proceedings of the dogs were watched. From a large window at one side the dogs are extracted. Two small charcoal stoves furnish, through large pipes, the destroying gas. The fires were burning briskly and the pipes were full of noxious gas. At a signal the windows were closed, and at the same moment a man raised the dampers and opened the valves at the end of the pipes. Instantly the poisonous vapor rushed in upon the occupants of the trap. There was no sound at first. Nothing but blue smoke could be seen through the windows. A moment later, with his ear to the sash, the reporter heard a faint cry. That was all. The two negros, the executioner and the driver of the hearse, hardened by usage, chatted pleasantly together. After eight minutes time the windows were opened and the gas allowed to escape The dogs were lying rigid in death. They had had but short strife with the enemy of man and dogs. No contortions of the limbs were observable. The bodies were, of course, still warm. There was a little blood in the nostrils of each. The work of death was cleanly done.

The Wet Blanket Boom.

Erie Dispatch.

A feeler has been thrown out in the shape of a suggestion of the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks. The feeling is of the wet blanket kind. These gentlemen are much too willing.

FANCY FISHING TACKLE.

What It Costs and Some of the Amateur Fishermen Who Use It.

New York Sun.

"Expensive tackle?" said a long-established Fulton street dealer in fishermen's outfits, "why, I don't call it expensive, and the sort of customers I have do not seem to consider it so. I hope you don't consider it expensive to pay $50 or $100 for a rod, and say $50 for a nice reel with the trimmings. Oh, you do! No, I can't say that such fancy rigs make you catch any more fish, but you have a heap more style over what you do catch. A boy with a pin hook, and a cotton string, and a brush pole, and worms for bait, may flirt out trout where a man with a hundred dollar outfit wouldn't raise a fin—but you don't want to fish like a boy all your life, do you? A man must have the 'know how' before he can fish much, but after he gets that he must have proper tools if he wants to fish happily. Show them to you. Certainly, with pleasure. Suppose we commence first with the lightest, the trout outfit. Look at that reel. Isn't it a beauty. Aluminum and hard rubber, weighs not quite five ounces, holds easily 60 yards of line, and costs only $30. Such reels are only made to order, and they cost so much because the aluminum is worth $1.25 an ounce, and is so refractory a metal to work that you are liable to spoil several pieces in finishing one. No, the metal is not so hard, but the tool is liable to run into it. It will not stand salt water, so it is only used for small, fancy, fresh water reels. But you can have an excellent trout reel for from $6 to $10, one that will not have so much style about it. As for trout rods, those of greenheart—one joint and two tips—cost $16; two joints and three tips, $25; split bamboos, $20 to $25 for a single rod of one joint and two tips, and more for a more perfect one."

Superstitions Regarding Whistling.

Popular Science Monthly.

Capt. Burton tells how the Arabs dislike to hear a person whistle, called by them *el sifr*. Some maintain that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for 40 days, while according to the explanation of others, Satan touching a man's body causes him to produce what they consider an offensive sound. The natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, hold it to be wrong to whistle, as this act is thought to be disrespectful to God. In Iceland the villagers have the same objection to whistling, and so far do they carry their superstitious dread of it that "if one swings about him a stick, whip, wand, or aught that makes a whistling sound, he scares from him the Holy Ghost;" while other Icelanders, who consider themselves free from superstitions, cautiously give the advice: "Do it not; for who knoweth what is in the air?" However eccentric these phases of superstition may appear to us, yet it must not be forgotten that very similar notions prevail at the present day in this country. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, for instance, relates how one day, after attempting in vain to get his dog to obey orders to come into the house, his wife tried to coax it by whistling, when she was suddenly interrupted by a servant, a Roman Catholic, who exclaimed in the most piteous accents: "If you please, ma'am, don't whistle—every time a woman whistles the heart of the Blessed Virgin bleeds!" In some districts of North Germany the villagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep.

Thurlow Weed's Inability to Speak in Public.

Autobiography of Thurlow Weed.

I never possessed the power "to speak in public on the stage." This defect has been the cause of frequent embarrassment and mortification, for there have been many occasions when it would have been both proper and pleasant to have been very moderately gifted with the power of speech-making. Aware of my infirmity, I of course never attempted to participate in debate; but on one occasion, when a bill which I reported myself from a Standing Committee of which I was a member was in committee of the whole, a member desired information in regard to the object and effect of a particular section. The information desired, though proper, was very simple; and if it had been asked for in committee room, or informally, in the presence of a dozen or 20 persons, I should have given it without the slightest embarrassment. And, forgetting myself for a moment, I rose to reply. Before uttering a dozen words, however, I became confused, then stammered, and soon, finding myself utterly incapable of proceeding, ended in a regular muddle. This was my first and last attempt, either in the House or in the Assembly of 1830, when I was again a member.

The Wooden Nutmeg Trick Outdone.

Charlotte Journal-Observer.

Mr. C. C. Smith has a little son who keeps a retail pavement store in the yard at his residence, and on Saturday last the young merchant bought 15 packages of soda, which he offered to customers. During the day he sold five packages, and yesterday the five customers came back with the goods he had sold them and demanded to have their money refunded. The soda he had sold them was nothing more nor less than blocks of pine wood. On investigating his stock the young merchant found that every package of soda was of the same kind, each wrapper containing a block of wood. Mr. Smith has presented us a pound package of the soda. It is put up in regular soda wrappers, with the arm and hammer trademark, and is branded "Church & Co.'s Soda." As the printed lines on the wrapper remark, it is "uniformly full weight and strength."

A Bear's Winter Nap.

Prescott (Ontario) Messenger.

Mr. James Hooper, of Edwardsburg, is the happy possessor of a year-old bear, for which he has snug quarters prepared in the shed. On the 6th of last December his bearship, no doubt feeling drowsy, retired to his quarters, and much to the surprise of his owner, refused to be coaxed out again; even savory dishes placed at the door of his box had not the slightest effect upon him. Weeks passed into months, and still Bruin remained in a state of lethargy until people began to look forward to the 17th of March, when all well-regulated bears are supposed to come forth and look for their shadows. But alas! for the old story, he came not forth, and it was not until the 28th of the month that he condescended to poke his nose out and partake of a little milk, and not until the 9th of April that he may be said to have partaken of a square meal. His long fast does not seem to have disagreed with him, as he looks just as well as ever.

The Calm Before the Storm.

Dayton Journal.

There is a lull in the contest for the Speakership. Speculations in which the names of Randall, Carlisle, Blackburn and others figure as possible successors to Keifer, are seen no more. Only six months and a half will pass before the struggle in the House will begin, and the only wandering item which can be picked up concerning the great result is that Sam Cox has declared in favor of Carlisle, and even the accuracy of that statement may be denied before the close of May.

A Well-Built Bridge.

New York Tribune.

The bridge will stand for all time as a monument to honest building. That money may have been wasted in the construction, we do not deny. Unhappily, it appears to be a necessary condition to all great public works that somebody must profit unlawfully by them. Be that as it may, the bridge is magnificently built, and whatever flaws may be found in the accounts of its builders, there are none in their work.

Dennis Kearney and the Party.

Youngstown News-Register.

It took Dennis Kearney a long time to discover that the Democratic party is dishonest in its pretensions of reform. It has failed to even reform Dennis.

OLD-TIME BASE BALL.

Incidents of the Period When the Diamond Craze First Swept Over the Land.

New York Evening Post.

In 1865 and 1866 a perfect frenzy of ball-playing swept over the United States. Old and young took part or interest in the game. Every Village and Hamlet boasted its nine, and in the Cities the list of clubs rivaled the Homeric catalog of the ships. The game as played then had a breezy range and flavor. The ball, charged to its full with rubber, bounded among the fielders with the ricochet of a cannon ball. One country nine, famous for prowess in hitting had its bats made of huge square pickets "whittled" down at one end.

Another team bore vast round beams of basswood, as large as a man's thigh, bored out and charged with cork to make them light. The lookers-on invariably constituted themselves a sort of high court of appeal without any legal delicacies of language. Occasionally, in more exciting contests, a stone or brickbat projected from the crowd emphasized its opinions and sometimes it seemed as though the umpire would have to qualify for a medieval suit of armor to hold his place. As for the nines, an epigrammatic phrase by which I once heard a player describe his team may suffice. Said he: "Our nine can't bat much, or throw much, or catch much, but they're first-rate talkers."

Many a funny incident crosses memory in looking back on those old days. In one of the games a line ball struck the pitcher—a pulpy, round-headed classmate—squarely on the side of the head. The ball caromed sideways to a fielder, who caught it on the fly, putting the striker out amid shrieks of merriment. In another instance during a match game a swift "liner" hit the player on the ankles, followed up his body and was caught at the chest. Perhaps, however, the most famous catch of all was that of an indifferent player whose back happened to be turned just as a hard-hit ball was struck to him. He turned suddenly, exactly in time, as it seemed, to receive the ball in the pit of the stomach. But he threw out his left hand defensively, and the ball, to the utter amazement of the spectators and even more of the player himself, "stuck," between the thumb and forefinger.

Hard Times.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"This has been rather a tough season," said a more or less distinguished actor, meeting a brother actor in front of the Park Theater.

"There you have struck it right, cully," said his friend. "I haven't seen such a tough season since the Winter of '74 after the smash-up in Wall street."

"Nor I," said the first actor. "I have just got back from the West. Everything dead out there. Haven't had a full house outside of Chicago since we started in. I tell you it was tough. Got left in Cleveland without a cent in the treasury, and I tell you I had to do some tall skirmishing to reach New York. Left my Saratoga trunk—"

"Left your what?"

"My Saratoga trunk with $500 worth of costumes in it—"

"That was tough," said his friend. "But nothing to my bad luck. When we struck Detroit I had to leave a gold watch and a set of $1,000 diamond studs—"

"That was pretty hard," said his friend. "I can appreciate your feelings, for when we struck Cincinnati I had to put up as security with the hotel clerk a pair of diamond sleeve buttons that cost just $1,800, and he wouldn't let me leave the hotel until I threw in my $850 overcoat—"

"That was playing you pretty heavy," said the first actor, "and it reminds me of my little experience in St. Louis. Did you ever strike St. Louis. They are after you every time there when you show any symptoms of skipping the town without paying up. Well, do you know that infernal hotel clerk in St. Louis insisted upon taking my gold cigar case studded with diamonds, and worth three thousand if a cent. Then he wouldn't let me off until I threw in a pair of diamond studs given to me by the Duke of Westminster the last time I was abroad—"

"Talking of being abroad," said his friend, "recalls my experience in Pottsville. Tough place, Pottsville. Used to being beat out of their money, or at least they act that way. Do you know I was obliged to leave at a hotel there for one week's board a dressing case of Russian leather and gold, presented to me by Duke Alexis the last time I was in St. Petersburg, a cat's eye scarf pin presented to me by Bismarck, and—"

"Come," cried the first actor, "just make it beer or I shall have to call on you to settle the check," and they adjourned for refreshments.

Russell Sage.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Russell Sage turns out to be a claim sharp of the commonest order. He has long been known as the meanest man in New York. His fortune is said to be between 20 and 30 millions, and yet he wears the cheapest clothing he can buy in the clothing shops in Chatham street and walks up and down Town to save his car fare. His lunches are meager and economical, and his whole life is characterized by miserliness. But even those who had the lowest regard for Mr. Sage's generosity did not think he would buy up unjust claims and push them. His latest case is that against Ottman, the Treasury thief. Ottman got $19,000 by compromising with the Government. Matt Carpenter charged him $10,000 for legal services, but the charge was so exorbitant that Carpenter evidently despaired of ever getting it, so he sold his claim to Russell Sage. Sage is pushing the claim for all it is worth, with a strong chance of making something out of it. It is certainly a contemptible piece of business for a man of such vast wealth.

What he Really was Afraid of.

American Mining Journal.

It is said of a rich Philadelphian who has had some experience with silver stock that while on his way to New York recently, he sat in the same seat with a well-known burglar for over an hour and seemed to enjoy his society. When the burglar left the seat, along came a well-dressed stranger and dropped into it with the remark:

"I believe you are Mr. Short, of Philadelphia?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Mr. Short, I have been sent East by the stockholders of the Great Inducement Silver Mine to ——"

"Excuse me, sir—good morning, sir!" interrupted Mr. Short, as he seized his grip and moved up eight seats ahead.

They Are Not All Winged Mercuries.

Burlington Hawkeye.

In New York the telegraph messenger boys struck against doing any work on the Sabbath. That lets them clear out then, for any man who has ever waited for a telegram or sent a message in New York will swear that these budding Mercuries never do any work on week days. The idea of a messenger boy demanding the Sabbath as "a day of rest" leads one to imagine what he proposes doing with the other six.

What Happened a Boy.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

Robbie Cridland, of Chestnut Hill, sat in school the other day picking a small, round paper package with a pen. An instant later a loud noise rang through the room, and Robert was bounding into the air, minus two fingers and a thumb, while the Consolidated School rapidly became disintegrated. His plaything was a small dynamite cartridge, which he had found in a quarry, and had put among the treasures of his pocket, in order to while away the monotony of the arithmetic hour.

How They Feel over the Border.

Wheeling Intelligencer.

It is a good ticket, fellow-Republicans of Ohio, and the *Intelligencer* is going to throw in its mite to help elect it.

How We Feel.

Dayton Journal.

In October we shall say Foraker Rose to victory.

THE CROPS.

Views of a Gentleman Who Has Made a Study of the Situation.

[Mr. E. L. Barker, of Larwell, Ind., gives his views of the crop prospects and the outlook for the breadstuffs supply for the present year in the following communication. It will be read with interest by by both dealers and producers. —Ed.]:

LARWILL, Ind., June 9, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The great question now agitating the minds of producers, dealers is and consumers of breadstuffs is, "What Shall the Harvest be?" The question is a serious one, and ought of right to be discussed fairly and honestly, without taking into consideration the interests of shorts and longs, or any clique or faction, but in the interest of millions of consumers, who must have bread or perish, and in the interest of producers who should not be misled with unsubstantial and unreliable reports of short crops and prospective fabulous prices. Dealers can and should be able to take care of themselves, be the crops short or abundant. In a spirit of fairness, with your permission, I desire to give my opinion of the situation through the columns of your great paper, will it reaches the eyes of thousands of intelligent thinking readers.

I have for 20 years been buying wheat at this place, until the past two years, I have been paying but little attention to it, and less I may be considered personally interested in lower prices, will say I haven't now on hand more than a hundred bushels of wheat. What I have to say is not the result of critical observation, the practical experience of near a quarter century, and what I regard as a common sense view of the questions involved.

I regard the present panicky condition of the public mind, relative to the future of wheat and corn, as I do all panicks, reasonless, causeless, and dangerous, for the results may be disastrous, though the cause be groundless. From a thorough examination of all reports, touching the condition of growing crops, and irresistably led to this conclusion: The wheat and corn producing States of our great country will harvest much more than an average crop this year. With the exception of localities here and there, where, as usual, from some cause, the crops may be small and probably will be short. We heard the same cry last year, prolonged into a howl, "No wheat, no corn," and we all know that on the home-stretch we came in with an average crop of wheat and a crop of corn, which, though late in maturing, was good in quality and immense in quantity. We have now a much greater visible supply of both wheat and corn than we had in the harvest year of 1881.

The granaries and immense store-houses of England are full, her markets dull and apathethic, and nothing seems to even temporarily animate them except panicky weather reports from this side of the ocean, and which time will prove to have been largely sensational.

The results already attained by scary and needless excitement about the weather and prospective short crop are and have been to pile up and hoard in the great elevators of the West, and in some of the seaboard cities, vast accumulations of both wheat and corn, while other exporting countries have reaped the golden harvest by supplying the consumers and non-producers of the Old World with breadstuffs, until their present wants are fully met. The prospect for wheat in Indiana has greatly improved in the last few weeks. Encouraging reports are coming in from localities where but a few days since the outlook was not cheering. The late cold and continued storms and cold rains are now admitted by all to have been the saving feature in the wheat prospect. Corn-planting is nearly all done, even to replanting where it had been planted too early. If we stop in the midst of all the clamor of crop failures and think, we shall remember what we all know, that the cry of short crops, failure and prospective famine, has become chronic in this country. It is also well known and should be remembered that corn in this latitude, planted late, as the 10th or 15th of June, will mature and make a full crop, with favorable weather. "Late Spring, late Fall," is as true in fact as in expression, and only last year's experience demonstrates my position.

It is a good plan to wait for pleasant weather before planting corn, and never plant intil the ground is in good condition. Those donditions do not fail once in 50 years. Cold weather and cold rains have been a saving feature with the wheat crop. The plant is now well stooled, with vigorous, thrifty stalks already fully shading the well soaked ground, preventing the possibility of a June dreuth, which is so often the cause of short heads, poorly filled.

Seed time and harvest, Summer and Winter, cold and heat, have come and gone for thousands of years, and doubtless shall come and go other thousands of years to come. The howl of failure in crops comes up almost every year, and is largely the result—the manipulation—of interested speculators, helped along, I have often thought, by letter writers in their interests, and from parties who never planted an acre of corn or sowed an acre of wheat, and some of whom don't know when wheat should be sown or corn planted.

From the latest and most reliable data I can obtain, California will this year produce not less than 60,000,000 bushels of wheat, with a possibility of 70,000,000 or 75,000,000 bu. Dakota will more than double her last year's product. Minnesota will roll up her last year's millions, largely increased, while Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Missouri will put to shame the billious croakers who have been almost ready with sensational reports of prospective failures, to injure their fair reputation as great wheat and corn producing States. We have had adverse reports for years, about this time in the season, sensational and depressing in character, and we know that when such reports have been industriously circulated, unstantiated apparently by reliable figures, then the stern logic taught by the winds, the rain and the sunshine, have dispelled them all, and plenty is here with her granaries full to bless and encourage us all.

I quote from an article which appeared in the Chicago Tribune May 29: "The United States had last year only a 10 months supply. England had had a crop 1-6 above her average. The present prospect is that taking last year and this together we will have considerable more than an average supply of wheat. The average price of wheat in Chicago for the past 15 years has been 96 4-10c per bushel. The current price of $1.15 is almost 20 per cent. above this." Since the above was published the weather has been much more favorable, and now if grain producers are content with such figures as a great law of supply and demand will warrant, then why this unnatural, thankless, causeless feeling of uneasiness and nervous sensitiveness on the part of dealers especially? Is it not the result of a determination on the part of speculators, backed by millions of money, taking advantage of a sensitive weather market, and manipulating it in their own, but against the interests of the millions in our own country, who must have bread, and whose very helplessness is a strong argument in favor of a cheap and plentiful supply. Let the wheat and corn come forward: let the farmers make delivery of their wheat and corn at these current high prices; let them sell, and sell *now*, and 10 days shall not have elapsed before prices shall have tumbled, and the men who manipulate markets, trifle and tamper with the bread of the working millions, shall be howling to unload their high-priced grain at a justly merited loss, to the great benefit of the hard worked and deserving, and in accord with every rational sign of the times.

I write, backed by the logic of facts, with the history of the past and the glowing prospects of the future to sustain my position, and in the interests of millions of men and women, who work willingly with their hands for wages, who, perhaps poorly paid, in poverty and obscurity, yet work on and on to support themselves and those dependent on their labor. To them cheap bread means, means home and all its associations and all its blessed possibilities. They are they who make possible the vast material progress of our great country, with its rapidly developing and almost boundless resources. Their interests are the interests of the nations of the world, and are too sacred to be wantonly trifled with by a few score of men who hold in their hands the power to manipulate the markets of a great Continent, and advancing at their pleasure, without cause, the very elements which make the bone, the blood, the muscle of the willing instruments of a Nation's greatness. E. L. BARKER.

A Model Hermit.

I once read a story, says Burdette, about an old rat, who called his weeping children about him and said to them: "My children, I have led a wild, reckless life. I have been a slugger in the cellar and a train robber in the pantry. I have stolen enough to send me to Congress, and have assisted at enough all-night banquets to entitle me to a foreign mission. But I sorrow over my past wickedness. I am resolved to become a hermit; to spend my remaining nights in solitude, in penitent meditation and in sorrowful atonement for my wicked life. Do not endeavor to seek me out. I will never come back into the world. My wants are few and simple. I can live on the coarsest fare, and if I chance to starve to death in my lonely retreat, it will be only a just punishment for my sins. My children, farewell forever." And weeping he left them. About three or four nights afterward the grieving youngsters set out to hunt for their dad, and discovered to their great joy that the virtuous old reformer had dug for himself a dark cave in the side of a great big cheese two feet thick.

Mrs. Parnell's Sale.

Brooklyn Eagle.

A man prominent in Irish affairs in the City said to me yesterday: "What is the matter with Charles Stewart Parnell? Is it possible that out of all the money he receives he cannot spare enough to keep a roof over his aged mother's head? Here is Mrs. Parnell selling at auction the old homestead at Bordentown, N. J., with all its furniture and all the little trinkets and bits of bric-a-brac that belonged to her daughter, the poetess. Mrs. Parnell says that the place has been such a source of trouble, anxiety and expense to her that she has decided to sell it, as she can no longer bear the load. She says that the expense, at her age, alone and unaided, is too much for her, and so she will give it up. The chances are that Mrs. Parnell will go over to England to live with her son. It is a pity, though, that the old place should be broken up." The sale will occur at the Leavitt Art Rooms and will include furniture, paintings, glass, china, silver ware, books and many other things belonging to the deceased poetess.

Same Old Rates.

Philadelphia Press.

The price of an average farm will enable one to spend six or eight weeks at the seashore or the springs this Summer, as usual.

For the Blade.

ALLIGATORS.

The Experiences of a Correspondent While Hunting Them.

BY DR. G. A. HEATH.

Altho not a professional hunter, I have occasionally engaged in a trip, more for the sake of change than sport, preferring mine ease in mine inn to the hardships and privations of camp life. Still I must own that there is a charm in camping unknown only to those who have not indulged in it. The perfect abandon of self so circumstances, the outdoor life, the catching and cooking of your dinner before eating it, gives you such an appetite that quantity not quality is the main desideratum, and when filled to satiety you light your pipe and seek some shady nook, forgetful of the past, careless of the future, until hunger again drives you to action. But all this has nothing to do with a series of ludicrous mishaps that befell me in one afternoon. Having a steam yacht under my charge, that was built expressly for hunting and fishing on the upper St. Johns, fitted with berths, cooking arrangements, and every convenience for pleasure or sport, a party of us went down to Mullett Lake, where she was anchored and made our headquarters. The special object I had in view at the time was to obtain a large "gator" and send his hide North to be mounted and set up in an office as a curiosity, or rather as one of the hideous objects in Nature.

An alligator is one of the most cowardly and disgusting animals in existence, and, like all cowards, as treacherous as cowardly. My advice to a novice would be not to corner one, or be too intimate with a dead one, for they will get away if they can; and if they cannot, you had better do so. If you can succeed in lassoing one you need not pull him out, but instead must make your line fast, and he will roll over and over, coiling the line around his body until all is wound up, and then if there is any one whom you hate, send him up to interview the "gator" and the job will be effectually done, saving a sight of trouble and expense. One afternoon I took the small boat and a man belonging to the steamer, and started out for a big one. Our boat was about 12 feet long, round bottomed, sharp at both ends, with a slight deck and seats fore-and-aft, a tottlish thing at best. We had been rowing and drifting around for some time and not seeing any large ones, had become careless and had given up the idea of getting one for that day. We lay on our oars just off an overflowed prairie, when suddenly we heard a splashing in the shallow water, and on looking up saw the very fellow we were after, not 30 feet away, charging directly toward the boat and hardly discernible for the flying water. We were completely panic stricken, demoralized. Had I been called upon at that moment to give the dimensions of that "gator" I should have said he was six to eight feet high and 30 to 40 long, but upon reflection in a cooler moment, decided he was not over 10 feet in length. He came within a boat's length of us before seeing us, and then sheered off enough to clear us, springing in deep water, fully as frightened and thankful to be clear of us as we were to be rid of him. With the danger past, we rallied our scattered senses, and, man-fashion, determined to be revenged. It was but a moment before we saw the eye of a medium-sized one above water, I sent an ounce of lead as greeting, pulled up to him, and to make assurance doubly sure, gave him a charge of buckshot at short range. As we were sure he was dead, we pulled him into the boat, but as soon as we had everything arranged to our satisfaction, we saw a larger one, and the first shot settled him. We made him fast to the boat's painter and started for the yacht, with the larger one in tow. Our object in taking them with us was to get their teeth, which are used for jewelry and other purposes, being worth in the rough from $3 to $5 per pound. We had but fairly gotten out into deep water when I heard the man sing out, "Look out; there he comes!" and at the work of an instant to follow his example and spring upright upon a seat. The "gator" in the boat had some to, and finding himself out of his element, was doing his best to regain it. He would rush to the end of the boat, but the seat and the deck prevented him from going over, and finding himself cornered he would back up, wheel around and rush to the other end, to find himself in the same fix. We were in my yacht—oh no! only two standing on the seats of that tottish boat with an alligator mad with pain and fright, rushing back and forth beneath us, scattering our guns, ammunition and fishing tackle to right and left, and in imminent danger of the boat's going over or the "gator's" discharging a gun in his mad fury, and we dared not shoot for fear of staving a hole in the boat. To cap the climax, and all the program in full the man on shore again "he's missing supply," meaning the one we had in tow. Glancing that way I saw our captive rolling over and over, and we both knew that in less than 30 seconds, if something were not done to prevent it, he would have that boat swamped and we would be in the lake with them both. If there ever was a crowd that wished to part company, it was we two humans and the two "gators;" the only question at issue being how to do it. They were fully as anxious to get away as we were to have them go, and were doing a good deal more towards it. The imminence of the danger brought us to our senses at last, and catching up the but of a heavy fishing pole, a well-directed blow stunned the insider long enough to pitch him overboard, and then a rifle shot stopped the roller just in time. We then unhitched the painter and parted company with two of the most disagreeable customers I ever met. I then made up my mind that if that was sport, I had had all I wanted of it for one day and ordered the boat back to the yacht. After boarding her, stowing our "grub," and feeling something substantial under our feet, and knowing that it was something no alligator could swamp or climb her sides, and believing our troubles for the day over, under the influence of a good cigar, we could look upon the adventure with a good deal more equanimity than during its enactment. For one, was perfectly satisfied, and in one of the boys was not, and just at dark he shot a large one that came close alongside. It was roped and made fast, to, which I objected, wishing them to take him ashore, but was out-voted as to this one being dead. We turned in and were just in our first doze when something came in collision with the yacht that brought every man on end with "Hello! there!" There being no reply to our hail, a man went on deck to investigate, and upon his return in reply to a query he said: "It's that 'gator,' but I punched his head with a pole and he will lie still now." We had hardly become quieted before the same thing happened again, and being thoroly disgusted with the whole

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same sheet with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

H. L., Ionia, Mich.: Address Ben Pittman, Cincinnati, O.

H. R. A. H., Toledo, O., will write to L. P. Deighley, Delphos, Allen Co., O., he can obtain information in regard to hollywood.

W. C. H., Dow's Prairie, Cal.: 1. In what County are the White Sulphur Springs situated? 2. What is the capital of the County?

1. Greenbrier. 2. Lewisburg.

F. S. O., Ashland, O.:

Name in their order the three religious denominations owning the largest amount of church property in Ohio.

Methodists, Catholics, Presbyterians.

F. G. S., Beloit, Kan.:

Will you be kind enough to tell me where I can obtain the book called "History of Our Own Times," by Gov. Reynolds? 2. What is the meaning of the word "snide?"

1. Lee & Shepard, New York. 2. A fraud.

J. N. R., Clawson, Mich.:

What particular religious belief was held by Horace Greeley?

He died with a "Jo" belief in the doctrines of Universalism, where he had held for many years.

J. C. S., Andersonville, Tenn.:

1. Was Capt. Wirz, who had charge of Andersonville prison, put to death? If so, how, when and where? 2. Was he tried by a military or civil Court? 3. What was the charge upon which he was tried?

1. Yes; Washington, November 10, 1865. 2. Military Commission. 3. Cruelty to Union prisoners.

S. A., Charleston, Ill.:

Will you please give me the name and location of several colleges in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois?

Ohio University, Athens; Kenyon College, Delaware, O.; Hiram College, Hiram, O.; Oberlin College, Oberlin, O.; Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind.; Hanover College, Hanover, Ind.; Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Ill.; Chicago University, Chicago. Address the Presidents.

J. C. R., Evansburg, Pa.:

State in the BLADE if in your opinion the offer in the advertisement of ——— is made in good faith or no. Can such a return for the amount asked be possible?

Reference to the rules at the head of this department will show that such questions are not answered; still every mail brings its load of inquiries, which are, of course, consigned to the waste basket.

C. S. B., Springfield, Ill.:

1. When did the Pension Arrears act expire? 2. Will it ever be extended? 3. How many claims are there still remaining for settlement?

1. July 1, 1880, but the limitation did not apply to claims by or in behalf of insane persons and children under 16 years of age. 2. It is not likely. 3. There have been about 300,000 applications for pensions growing out of the war of the rebellion, and about 500,000 have received pensions.

R. M. C., Glasgow, Ia.:

1. How long has Decoration Day been observed? 2. By whom was it first appointed? 3. Did the G. A. R. recommend the observance of the day before Congress recommended it?

1. Since the close of the war. 2. Gen. Logan, we believe, was the first to officially recommend it. 3. Yes. The Grand Army organized at Indianapolis November 20, 1866, and the date named for Memorial Day was thought to be the best for the whole country, taking into consideration weather, supply of flowers, etc.

X. Y. Z., Greenfield, Ia.:

1. Please inform me as to the cause of the late war in Egypt. 2. What caused the arrest of Parnell? 3. What is the population of Ireland? 4. Of India?

1. It was a revolt of Arabi and his followers against the Khedive, appointed by the Sultan. England was interested in having the Khedive's authority respected, because of the large sums of money Egypt owed to British merchants, and which would have been repudiated had Arabi succeeded. 2. Alleged treasonable utterances, conspiracy, etc. 3. 5,170,859. 4. 252,541,210.

F. L., Magnolia, Miss.:

1. Please give the etymology and definition of the word "Boycott." 2. In the BLADE is a quotation, "Praise from Sir Hubert." Please give the author of the words quoted, and tell where they may be found.

1. Boycott, a landlord in Ireland, having trouble with his tenants, it was decided to have no further dealings with him, and to annoy and embarrass him in every way possible. Boycott was compelled to call on the Government for protection, and for assistance in gathering his crops. 2. It is from "A Cure for the Heartache," by Thomas Morton—"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

D. J. F., Buffalo, Wyo.:

Where and when was the first book printed in the English language?

The first book printed in the English language was a translation of the "Recueil des Histories de Troyes" of Le Fevre, by Margaret, sister of Edward IV. of England. When the Princess married Charles the Bold, William Caxton was one of her household, and is understood to have assisted in the translation, as also in the setting up and printing, which were done at Cologne, 1471. Caxton moved a few years afterward to England, where, in 1474, he printed the "Game of Chesse," the first book printed in England.

G. H. C., Plants, Ark.:

Will you be so kind as to give a recipe for making artificial cider?

A very fair imitation cider may be produced by using the following recipe: Twenty-five gallons soft water; two pounds tartaric acid; 25 pounds New Orleans sugar; one pint yeast. Put all the ingredients into a clean cask, and stir them up well after standing 24 hours with the bung out. Then bung the cask up tight, add three gallons spirits, and let it stand 48 hours, after which time it will be ready for use. The following is a cheap recipe: Water, 35 gallons; sulphuric acid, enough to make the water pleasantly sour; brown sugar, 50 pounds; cloves, five ounces; bitter almonds, six ounces. Boil the last four ingredients in two gallons of water for two hours; strain and add this decoction to the other water. Burnt sugar may be added, to color, if wished. From three to four gallons of whisky, if mixed with it, gives more body. Bisulphite of lime may be advantageously employed in fresh cider to stop its conversion to vinegar.

Reader, Gansville, La.:

Will you give a short description of the Gatling gun? Also of Taylor's machine gun?

The Gatling gun has a revolving cluster of parallel barrels in the rear of each of which, and rotating therewith, is its own loading, firing, and spent-capsule retracting mechanism. The usual American ammunition with metallic capsule and the fulminate in the flange is used. The barrels and the mechanisms for loading and firing are rigidly secured upon an axial shaft, which is revolved by means of bevel gearing and a crank. The ammunition is fed in at a hopper. Each barrel receives its charge as it comes to the top in the course of its revolutions, and fires as it comes to its lowest position, the firing being thus consecutive, and with a rapidity depending upon the rate of rotation of the crank. The complement of the hopper, 400 cartridges, may be fired in one minute if desired. The Taylor gun has a cluster of stationary barrels, in the rear of which is a chamber to receive the cartridges; these are secured in a charging block, and forced into the barrels by a lateral movement of a vertical handle. This handle is attached to an oscillating sleeve having internal studs, which work in spiral grooves in a sliding breech cylinder. The latter carries plungers, one for each barrel, containing central firing pins, retracted by rotation of a crank shaft carrying suitable tappets, so the barrels may be discharged in rapid succession.

strong antiseptic and anti-diarr[hoeic]: Take eight ounc[es]

a[nd]

ton.

G. H. V., Cooper's Hill, Mo.:

What is the object of, and what class of men belong to the Orange Societies?

The official designation of the Society in England is the Loyal Orange Institution. It is composed exclusively of Protestants, and its professed objects are to support and defend the reigning sovereign of Great Britain, the Protestant religion, the laws of the country, the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, and the succession to the throne in the present royal family so long as it remains Protestant. The Association is divided into five orders or degrees, the first of which is the orange, and the fifth and highest the scarlet degree. The Orange Institution was founded in the North of Ireland in 1795, ostensibly to counteract the Roman Catholic secret association called the "Defenders," or "Ribbonmen." The two opposite associations were soon involved in fierce hostility with each other, and nearly all the peasantry belonged to one or the other. Riots often ensued, and the law was powerless against them. In 1835 a parliamentary investigation detected Orange lodges in 34 regiments of the army; and in 1836 the Imperial Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland, was compelled to dissolve the institution in Ireland. It was revived in 1845, and is still extensively diffused in the British islands. It was introduced into British America in 1829, where it has many thousand members. Much excitement was occasioned by the attempt in 1860 to compel the Prince of Wales during his progress through the provinces to recognize the order and to pass under its arches and banners, a recognition steadfastly refused by the Prince and his suit.

D. V. H., Drain Lick, Pa.:

1. When and by whom was Great Salt Lake discovered? 2. Please give a description of the lake.

1. The first mention of the Great Salt Lake was by Baron La Hontan, in 1689, who gathered from the Indians west of the Mississippi some vague notions of its existence. It was explored and described in 1843 by Gen. Fremont, who was the first to navigate its waters. 2. The lake is 75 miles long from northwest to southeast, and about 30 miles broad. Its surface is 4,200 feet above the level of the sea. It has no outlet. The water is shallow, the depth in many parts being not more than two or three feet. Utah Lake, a body of fresh water 35 miles long and 100 feet above the level of Great Salt Lake, is 26 miles southeast of the latter, and flows into it through a river called the Jordan. Bear River flows into the Great Salt Lake from the north, and several smaller rivers from the east. The lake evidently was once vastly more extensive than at present. The water is transparent, but excessively salt. There are no fish in the lake, but several species of insect. Immense flocks of gulls, geese, ducks and swans frequent its shores and islands. The water is so buoyant that a man may float in it at full length upon his back, having his head and neck, his legs to the knee, and both arms to the elbow, entirely out of water. A bath in the lake is refreshing and invigorating, though the body requires to be washed afterward in fresh water.

D. J. P., Beaverdale, Ga.:

Will you state how many inhabitants to the square mile there are in each State and Territory?

The following table is taken from the census returns of 1880, Alaska (unorganized) being omitted:

States and Territories.	Square Miles.	Inhabitants.
Alabama	51,540	24.5
Arizona	112,920	0.4
Arkansas	53,045	15.1
California	155,980	5.5
Colorado	103,645	1.9
Connecticut	4,845	128.5
Dakota	147,490	0.9
Delaware	1,960	74.8
District Columbia	60	2,900.4
Florida	54,240	5.0
Georgia	58,980	26.1
Idaho	84,290	0.4
Illinois	56,000	85.0
Indiana	35,910	85.1
Indian Territory and unorganized territory	69,830	....
Iowa	55,475	29.3
Kansas	81,700	12.2
Kentucky	40,000	41.2
Louisiana	45,420	20.7
Maine	29,895	21.7
Maryland	9,860	94.8
Massachusetts	8,040	221.8
Michigan	57,430	28.5
Minnesota	79,205	9.8
Mississippi	46,340	24.4
Missouri	68,735	31.5
Montana	145,310	0.3
Nebraska	76,185	5.9
Nevada	109,740	0.6
New Hampshire	9,005	38.5
New Jersey	7,455	151.7
New Mexico	122,460	1.0
New York	47,620	106.2
North Carolina	48,580	28.8
Ohio	40,760	78.5
Oregon	94,560	1.8
Pennsylvania	44,985	139.2
Rhode Island	1,085	254.9
South Carolina	30,170	33.0
Tennessee	41,750	36.9
Texas	262,290	6.1
Utah	83,190	1.7
Vermont	9,135	36.4
Virginia	40,125	37.7
Washington	66,880	1.1
West Virginia	24,645	25.1
Wisconsin	54,450	34.2
Wyoming	97,575	0.2
United States	2,970,000	17.39

W. T. S., Clay Point, Dak.:

Will you tell your country readers how to make ginger pop and other Summer drinks?

For ginger pop: Take 5½ gallons water, three-fourths of a pound of ginger root bruised, one-half ounce tartaric acid, 2½ pounds white sugar, whites of three eggs well beaten; one small teaspoonful lemon oil, one gill yeast; boil the root for 30 minutes in one gallon of the water, strain off, and put the oil in while hot; mix. Make over night; in the morning skim and bottle, keeping out sediments. For lemon beer: Put into a keg one gallon water, one sliced lemon, one tablespoonful ginger, and one-half pint yeast. In 24 hours it will be ready for use. If bottled, the corks must be tied down. For spruce beer: Take two ounces each hops and chips of sassafras root, 10 gallons water; boil 30 minutes, strain, and turn on, while hot, one gallon good molasses, and add two tablespoonfuls each essence of ginger and essence of spruce, and one tablespoonful pounded allspice. Put into a cask, and when cold enough add one quart yeast; let it stand 24 hours; draw it off or bottle it. For raspberry shrub: One quart vinegar, three quarts ripe raspberries. After standing a day, strain it, adding to each pint a pound of sugar, and skim it clear while boiling about half an hour. Put a wine-glass of brandy to each pint of the shrub, when cool. Two spoonfuls of this, mixed with a tumbler of water, is an excellent drink in warm weather and in fevers. For orangeade: Take of dilute sulphuric acid, concentrated infusion of orange peel, five fluid ounces. This quantity is added to two imperial gallons of water. A large wine-glassful is taken for a draught, mixed with more or less water, according to taste. This refreshing drink not only assuages the thirst, but has, moreover,

The Sunday School.

Joshua, Successor to Moses.

LESSON 1, SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1883.

Golden Text—Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

LESSON TEXT.

Joshua 1: 1-9.

1. Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord, it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying:

2. Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou and all this people, unto the land which I do give unto them, even to the children of Israel.

3. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

4. From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast.

5. There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

6. Be strong and of good courage, for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.

7. Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all law, which Moses my servant commanded thee; turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

8. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

9. Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

After the death of Moses, the Lord spake unto Joshua (v. 1.) The death of a good man never cripples the Lord's work. Whatever else may be a cause of trouble or doubt to us, when a great leader in the church is taken away, we need have no fear about the consequences to the church. After the death of any Moses the Lord is sure to call out a Joshua, and not to make a mistake in so doing. Moses' work may have been all important in its day; but Moses never could have done Joshua's work and Joshua's work is the work for now.

Moses my servant is dead; now, therefore arise, go (v. 2.) Each new emergency in life brings new duties; and God's call is always explicit to the doing of the new duty of the new hour. You have just met with a great loss. Your leader, your supporter, your adviser is dead. "Now, therefore, arise, go." Instead of your feeling that you are to do less than before, you must recognize your duty to do more. You are not to sit in idle sorrow, nor stand in aimless despair, in the face of any great bereavement; but you are to arise to a sense of your added responsibilities, and go the larger work to which God is calling you.

Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given you (v. 3.) That is the way the Lord would have us make his promises our possessions. We can get a sight of the Land from the heights of Pisgah; but to possess the Land we must tread under foot. Just as much ground as we will consent to walk over in faith, we can have as our own. There are Christians who, long ago, got a scant standing room in Canan, and have never moved a rod since They have been content to barely hold their own. But there are other Christians who have been pushing on from the day they entered the Land. They have covered a good deal of ground in that time; and all that they have gone over is still theirs. You can have your choice in the way of doing. The Land is before you. If you want it go in and make it your own by faith-filled walking.

There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life (v. 5.) He who stands for God is sure of having God stand with him; and "one man and God is always a majority." When we are doing that to which God has set us, we may calmly breast all the opposings that all the world can proffer. No man, nor any set of men, shall be able to stand before us in all the days of our lives. That is as sure as that God is true.

Only be thou strong and very courageous to do according to all the law (v. 7.) It requires a great deal of strength and a great deal of courage to do as God tells us to do. The bravest soldiers know that it requires real strength and courage to keep from running away in the hour of battle. He who thinks it is always easy to do just right—let him try it. God knows that doing one's simple duty costs any man all the strength and all the courage he can muster.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein (v. 8.) This was before the days of the higher criticism; but there seems to be even then another need of close and constant Bible study on the part of the man of God, in order to his finding out his personal duty under the law of God. Joshua wasn't told to dig away night and day at the study of the Pentateuch, in order to decide between its "Elohistic" and its "Jehovistic" portions, and to make sure of the lines between the "Book of Origins" and the story of the First Narrator, and the "Second Narrator," and the "Book of the Little Covenant," and all the rest of those puzzles. If Joshua had had that job on hand, he never would have found time to capture Canan. But Joshua was not a theological professor. He was only a practical leader of the Elohistic-Jehovistic army, with his hands full of downright hard work in duty-doing. Yet Joshua had to give a good deal of time to Bible study; as any man does who would know what is right in order to the doing of what is right. There are two sorts of Bible study, and you must decide for yourself which of them to undertake. Either of them will give you all you can attend to. If you are in the theological line with nothing practical to demand your attention, you can take hold of the higher criticism methods and give yourself up to that. But if you are a practical man, and have got anything to do in the world, either in the line of fighting, or of leading, you had better try Joshua's plan. Then "this book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

Have not I commanded thee? Be strong; be not afraid (v. 9.) The Lord does not say, Have not I promised thee? therefore, be strong and be not afraid." But "Have not I commanded thee? [therefore] be strong; be not afraid." If God has given a commandment to one of his children, that child has nothing to do but to go ahead and do that commandment. All questions about the ability to do, or the difficulties in the way of doing, the child of God can leave it to God. When you know what your duty is, you know just what you must do. The commandment to do, brings with it an assurance of power in doing.—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

FORT STEVENSON, DAKOTA TER.—Rev. James McCarty says: "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of severe dyspepsia."

Plugged Tooth Causes a Girl to Sleep.

READING, June 14.—Miss Annie Hain, of Womelsdorf, who has been lying in a stupor since June 3, has somewhat improved. The physicians who were attending her, including a professor of Jefferson Medical College, have concluded that her condition resulted from the plugging of a front tooth. The plug was removed from the tooth and her jaws pried open the following day and the tooth extracted. She took nourishment for the first time this morning. Miss Hain when not afflicted with spasms lay in a stupor without opening her eyes or mouth, being afflicted with lockjaw. She lay in a greater part of the time with her limbs drawn up, her knees nearly touching her chin and her spine curved. Her finger nails were blue and there were marks of her teeth on her tongue.

The Iron Men Will Meet.

PITTSBURG, June 14.—The Eastern iron manufacturers have called a meeting of all manufacturers of bars, rods, band-hoops, nails, plates, sheets and other shapes of ex-scrap iron, to be held at the rooms of the American Iron and Steel Association, Philadelphia, on the third Thursday of June, for the purpose of arranging if possible a new schedule of prices to conform with the changes made in the new tariff law.

Rx No. 66.

Endorsed by the French Academy of Medicine for

INFLAMMATION OF THE URINARY ORGANS,

caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, Treatment. Positive cure in one to three days. Local Treatment only required. No nauseous doses of Copebs or Copaiba. Sold by DRUGGISTS, or sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.00. Pamphlet free. Address, HARVEY R. GRIFFITH, M. D., Sole Proprietor, 1228 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SLUGGER SULLIVAN.

His Wife Comes to the Rescue—His Only Fault is that His Heart is too Big for His Body.

BOSTON, June 13.—Mrs. John L. Sullivan has taken up the cudgels in her husband's behalf. She called at one of the newspaper offices and asked that she be permitted to personally deny the published statements. She said she had been married to Mr. Sullivan two years and during that time he had been a very kind husband and had never abused her in any way. "His great misfortune," said Mrs. Sullivan, "is that he has a heart too big for his body, and is so lavish in entertaining his friends that he sometimes oversteps the bounds of prudence in his habits of sociability and is then a little morose and surly. He has never scolded or abused me in any way, and I think it is outrageous to publish the stories I have seen in some of the New York and Boston papers. This is not the first time he has been assailed by means of false reports, and I can account for it only on the theory that he has offended some one who adopts this method of retaliation. I certainly do not look like a person who was shockingly beaten a few days ago, and my husband does not act like a man who has run away, as he is now at home and has been there since Monday.

"On Friday he went to Providence on business, and if anybody has any business with him he can be found at home to-day or to-morrow or at any time this week Mr. Sullivan has never raised his hand to me. I think him too much of a man to do that; and if he ever had done so, I am too much of a woman to make a complaint against him in court. I would simply pack my trunks, order a carriage, and go to my home in Providence. This matter has worried me very much. I don't know what my friends in Providence will think of the reports."

Mrs. Sullivan looked and talked like a woman who felt that her husband had been maligned without cause, and who desired to clear his reputation from the charge of unmanliness, as well as to prove that she would not tolerate ill-treatment.

BUTLER'S PROPHECY

That New Orleans Will Rival New York, and That We Will Have a Brush With England.

BOSTON, June 14.—The New Orleans Continental Guards were entertained at the annual dinner of the National Lancers, of Boston. Some 600 were present. The occasion was a very interesting one. Among the guests were Gov. Butler and Mayor Palmer, both of whom made speeches. Gov. Butler extended a hearty welcome to the guests. A most glorious result of the recent war, which none should say should not have been fought, would be in coming contests, and come one must, when there will be unity of former enemies fighting shoulder to shoulder. The Continentals came from New Orleans, which once he entered as an enemy, but left as their friend. He told them in parting, the bane of their prosperity was the curse of slavery. They doubted it then, but know it now. By reason of the immense sources of wealth that must come down the Mississippi, New Orleans is to spring forward into life, and we shall see her and adjacent cities thereto rivalling, if not exceeding New York. In conclusion, speaking to all as fellow citizens, with common interest, the Governor said: "We have common glories to gain hereafter. It may be against enemies which once wore the uniforms you wear, (indicating the red coat of the Lancers.) It certainly will be if any provocation is given us." The speech was well received and heartily applauded."

Zebina Eastman, an old citizen of Chicago, a radical reformer, and formerly a journalist, died at Maywood, Ill., Thursday, aged 68 years. Mr. Eastman went to Chicago in 1839. He was appointed United States Consul to Bristol, England, in 1861, by Pres. Lincoln, with whom he was on terms of personal friendship.

DIPHTHERIA!

THE PROSTRATION which follows Diphtheria, and the persistency with which it clings to the patient, are well known to all who have had any experience with this terrible disease.

The following letter shows how the restoring and invigorating properties of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

overcome it, and how by vitalizing and enriching the blood it neutralizes and eradicates the poisoned matter from it, bringing to the convalescent the color, life and vigor of robust health.

LOWELL, MASS.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & CO.: Gentlemen—My little girl had the diphtheria last April. The disease left her very weak, blood poor, with no appetite, and she could not seem to rally from its effects. HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA was recommended by a neighbor. After she had been taking it a few days we noticed a change for the better—she began to eat with a relish. It seemed to take out the poison the disease had left in her blood, the change being very noticeable in her face. She took it two months and fully regained her health, much to our delight. We now recommend HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA with a great deal of pleasure. Very truly yours,

J. R. SMITH,
19 Butterfield Street.

"That Extreme Tired Feeling."

"The first bottle has done my daughter a great deal of good; her food does not distress her now, nor does she suffer from *that extreme tired feeling* which she did before taking HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA."

Sold by all druggists. Price $1 a bottle or six bottles for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Tooth-Powder, Only 25 Cents.

CARDS.

40 Lovely chromos, name on, 1 Model love letter, 20 love cards all 10c, 6-50c. O. A. Brainard, Higganum, Ct.

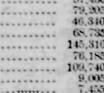
50 Entirely new styles of ChromoVisiting Cards, or 40 new Panelled Gold & Silver Chromos, with name, 10c. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Elegant, All New Style Gold and Enameled Floral Chromos, name on, 10c. West Haven Steam and Lithographic Works, West Haven, Conn.

40 Imported design Chromo Cards for 1884, name on, 10c. Quality, not quantity. Warranted best old. Agents wanted. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Elegant Hand Bouquet, Pond Lily, Horseshoe Lily of the Valley, etc., cards, name on, 10c Sample book free with $1 order. Star Card Co. Clintonville, Ct.

40 New and Beautiful CHROMO CARDS name in New Type, and an Elegant 48 page Gilt Bound Floral Autograph Album, all for 15 cts. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.



This elegant SOLID RING made of Rolled Gold. Warranted for 5 years. Each ring packed in an elegant Velvet Lined Case. We will send post paid one ring and casket for fifteen 3c stamps and give you a case of samples of our Beautiful Cards; you will be more than pleased. Also our New Spring Illustrated Book, Agents' Outfit, Illustrated Premium List of Jewelry, etc. Offer made to secure new customers, and good till August 1st, 1883. But 3 rings with caskets and one case of cards will be sent to one address for a dollar bill and 25 cents silver; $1.25. We will print your name in new type on 50 "Beauties," All new chromos, for 10 cents, 10 packs for a dollar bill and 25 a dozen ring and casket free to sender of club. U. S. CARD CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

THE PASTILLE CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY TRADE MARK

TESTED FOR 5 YEARS by use in thousands of cases. Founded on scientific medical principles, it has been growing in favor and reputation while its numerous competitors have luxuriously failed. The direct application of this remedy to the seat of the disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The buoyant energy of the brain and nervular system renders the patient cheerful; he gains strength with rapidity.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skill of best physicians, result for youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, and over brain work.

Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with you attention to business or cause any pain or inconvenience.

Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sent free to any one. Remedy sold ONLY by the

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One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7

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Longer established and the most successful, as practice will prove. Cures all private and Sexual Diseases, Spermatorrhœa and Impotency, the result of self-abuse, or other causes producing Nervousness, Seminal Emissions (night emissions by dreams), Defective Memory, Physical Decay, Pimples on Face, Aversion to Society of Females, Confusion of Ideas, Loss of Sexual Powers, etc. Thoroughly and permanently cured.

SYPHILIS CURED and entirely eradicated from the System. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Hernia, or rupture, Piles and other private diseases quickly cured.

Medicines sent privately and safely by mail or express anywhere. Cure guaranteed in all cases undertaken. Consultation free and strictly confidential, personally or by letter.

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"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilolet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifier. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Hal: a Million Base Ball Bats.

New York Star.

The largest manufactory of ball bats is at Hastings, Mich., where one hundred men are employed. Half a million bats are supposed to be the demand for the present year. Ash is the staple bat wood. A proportion of fancy, and necessarily high-priced, bats are made of cherry. Including the different woods and sizes, there are 22 styles of bats made for the trade, ranging in price at retail from 10 cents for a juvenile article up to $1.50 for an æsthetic cherry bat. The Hastings factory will use in the neighborhood of 350,000 feet of ash, 250,000 feet of basswood, and 50,000 feet of cherry lumber this season, which means about 2,500 gross, or 30 cart loads of bats. Another bat factory at South Bend, Ind., will consume about 125,000 feet of lumber, and one at Grand Rapids, Mich., 75,000 feet more.

She Had a High Opinion of Him.

Exchange.

"The idea of putting John on a jury!" exclaimed Mrs. Tompkins, when she heard that her husband had been drawn. "They might as well order a new trial right off. They won't get John to agree on a verdict. He is the most obstinate man I ever saw. I never knew him to agree with his own wife in anything, and it isn't at all likely he's going to agree with people he don't know anything about. A pretty juryman he is!"

WORDS FAIL, "Words fail to express my gratitude," says Mr. SELBY CARTER, of Nashville, Tenn., "for the benefits derived from

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Having been afflicted all my life with Scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in Blotches, Ulcers, and Mattery Sores, all over my body." Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, he has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

All baneful infections of the blood are promptly removed by this unequalled alterative.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

INVESTMENTS.

$30,000 FOR $2.
57TH
POPULAR MONTHLY DRAWING
OF THE
COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.
In the City of Louisville, on
SATURDAY, JUNE 30.

These Drawings occur on the last day of each month (Sunday's excepted). Repeated adjudication by Federal and State Courts have placed this Company beyond the controversy of the law. To this Company belongs the sole honor of having inaugurated the only plan by which their drawings are proven honest and fair beyond question.

N. B.—The Company has now on hand a large Capital and Reserve Fund. Read carefully the list of prizes for the

JUNE DRAWING:

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes, $100 each,	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes, 50 each,	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes, 20 each,	12,000
		1000 Prizes, 10 each,	10,000
10 Prizes, $1,000 each,	$10,000.		
20 Prizes, 500 each,	10,000.		
9 Prizes, $300 each,	Approximation Prizes,	$	2,700
9 Prizes, 200 each,	" "		1,800
9 Prizes, 100 each,	" "		900
1,960 Prizes			$112,400
Whole Tickets, $2.	Half Tickets, $1.		
27 Tickets, $50.	100 Tickets, $100.		

Remit money or bank draft in letter or send by express. Don't Send by Registered Letter or Postoffice Order. Orders of $5 and upwards by express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal building, Louisville, Ky.

WITH
FIVE DOLLARS
YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
IMPERIAL AUSTRIAN VIENNA CITY
Government Bond,

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY.

Until each and every bond is drawn with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw a prize, as there are NO BLANKS.

The three highest prizes amount to

200,000, 50,000 and 30,000 FLORINS.

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a premium of not less than

130 FLORINS.

The next drawing takes place on the

2d OF JULY, 1883,

And every bond bought of us on or before the 24 of July is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in Registered Letters and inclosing $5, will secure one of bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,
No. 207 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., New York City.
(Established in 1874.)

N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the Toledo Weekly Blade.

☞ The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatever, as they do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States

AGENTS WANTED.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms & $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 a week, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

I pays to sell our fine Rubber Printing stamps. Circulars free. The Harper Mnfg Co., Cleveland, O.

$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each County. Address W. P. ZIEGLER & Co., Philadelphia.

$250 A MONTH. Ag'ts wanted. 190 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE COUNTRY who can make from $6 to $10 a day. Send for circular and terms. WM. HEES, Artist, 107 Walker st., N.Y.

AGENTS wanted to sell Dr. Chase's 2000 Recipe Book. Sells at sight. For further information address Dr. Chase's Print'g House, Ann Arbor, Mich

WANTED—Ladies and Young Men wishing to earn from $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes; work sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address EDWARD F. DAVIS & CO., 58 South Main st., Fall River, Mass.

WANTED—Agents to sell Teas, Coffees, Spices and Groceries sundries by sample to families. We don't pay salary, but sell first-class goods at low prices, and on liberal terms to good men. Satisfaction given or goods refunded. Spare or whole business; exclusive agency; good profits; no risk. Write for our new 16-page circular, with testimonials from old agents. SAN FRANCISCO TEA CO., Chicago, Ill.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. IT WILL PAY every Book CANVASSER to send us his or her address. We have a few choice books of every description, first-class and fast-selling—and we are now offering extraordinary inducements to the right parties. Full particulars sent free. DOUGLASS BROS. & PAYNE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents wanted

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, June 21, 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

TERMS—Postage Paid.

Single copy, one year, $1,00, six months, 60 cents, three months, 30 cents. Clubs of 11, one year, $10—our best terms to agents for club of any size, EVERY ELEVENTH COPY FREE, or the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in h.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, post-paid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 86,000.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

We ask all who receive this number of the BLADE to examine it critically, and see whether there is any other paper published on earth that is so well worth a dollar for 52 numbers? We do not believe there is. Eight large pages closely packed with carefully-edited matter, every department the work of a skilled man or woman, and every line of matter prepared expressly for it. This is what we give for $1 a year! There are dollar papers in plenty, but none like the BLADE. It stands alone in this field of journalism, and acknowledges no rival.

Every one, not a subscriber, who receives this week's BLADE, will consider him or herself invited to examine it, and to mail $1 to the publishers, which will give them this household necessity for 52 weeks, postage paid.

UNPARALLELED INCREASE.

This week we put up our figures of circulation to 90,000, and we hope next week to increase it to 100,000. Those who have applied for and received our three months' offer are sending in subscribers by the hundred. A few dollars of spending money may be made by any one, anywhere, in an hour or two, and more solid benefit conferred upon the people than upon the agent. Drop us a postal and ask for our special three months' rate to agents. We want them everywhere. As we said a few dollars extra spending money may be made in an hour or two anywhere.

ROBBING THE MAILS.

Within the past year a great many letters containing money for the BLADE have failed to reach us. The postal authorities took hold of the matter, and last week the thief was caught. He was a young man named MORRISON employed in the Toledo office. The penitentiary is yawning for him, and from this out the mails will be safe. The villain captured at least $2,000 sent to the BLADE, and very large sums of other people's money.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

We will begin next week the first of the series of interesting "Indian Legends and Romances," which the talented Dr. H. L. [illegible], of Lancaster, O., has written especially for the BLADE. Our readers will find them vividly attractive.

LOWER CALIFORNIA gold diggings are said to be worthless. There goes another dream of riches.

MOTTO of the Signal Bureau:
Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views in the West no fierce and wild cyclone.

LITTLE HAYTI wants to buy some ironclads. Has she fell design against the peace and prosperity of the United States?

WE want just as many names to whom to send specimen copies of the BLADE as we can get. Fill up one side of a postal card and do your friends good.

THE Iowa Democrats have set the example to their Ohio brethren by nominating a renegade Republican lawyer,—just exactly such a man as HOADLEY.

BEN BUTLER is getting very anxious to have the Tewksbury investigation come to an end. It is his old shyster trick; he has had his say, and does not want the other side to be heard.

THE public being again in a fair way to forget that there is such a thing as the Keeley motor, the announcement is made that it is about to be subjected to a practical test which will demonstrate its success.

THE editor of the *Florida Herald* evidently thinks himself a HERCULES. He says he is going to expose every man wearing the title of Colonel, who is not entitled to it, and force him, for very shame, to renounce it.

THE Star Route trial is said to be the longest and most expensive on record. The sum paid to lawyers for the Government is considerable over $125,000, to say nothing of the expenses. The defendants have paid no small sum.

MR. WATTERSON should immediately get out a new volume of his "Oddities of Southern Humor." Nothing in "Sut Lovengood's Recollections of a Durn Fool," or "Maj. Jones's Courtship" is so extravagantly funny as his own account of his visit to Gramercy Park.

POLITICAL thought in Great Britain is rapidly advancing. This is shown by two late occurrences. Mr. GLADSTONE has formulated a new Liberal program in which he demands universal suffrage with equal electoral districts. Besides this is the passage of the second reading in the House of Lords of the bill permitting marriage with a deceased wife's [illegible]

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE feeling in regard to thee verdict in the Star Route cases does not show much abatement. Mingled with the denunciations of the jury is sharp condemnation of the mal-conduct of the case by the be-ruffled, and be-frilled BREWSTER, and the expensive and pretentious BLISS. Though the verdict disposes of all the criminal cases against the DORSEYS, VAILE and MINER, they are not through with their troubles yet. It is proposed to enter civil suits against them for recovery of money paid to contractors improperly.

THERE are still hanging over BRADY four indictments, three of which are for conspiracy, and one for receiving money while Second Assistant Postmaster General for services rendered in relation to a contract with the United States. Last June he was indicted for a conspiracy with Mail Contractor JAMES B. PRICE for an alleged fraudulent combination to defraud the Government in mail service ordered on the Star Route from Moneco to Shreveport, and from San Antonio to Corpus Christi. He was also indicted at that time with GEORGE V. MESEROLE for conspiracy, the alleged fraud being perpetrated on the route from Gardner to Rosita, Colorado: and also, for conspiracy with MESEROLE on account of alleged fraudulent allowances to MESEROLE and A. H. BROWN on a route from Monument to River Bend, Colorado.

LAST April BRADY was again indicted, the charge being that he had received money from JAMES B. PRICE for orders making allowances on the routes mentioned in the indictment against BRADY and PRICE. On the same day Ex-Sen. KELLOGG was indicted "for receiving money while a Senator for services rendered in relation to a contract with the United States," the charge being that he received money from PRICE for procuring BRADY to make the orders for allowances on the two routes. None of these indictments involve a long trial. The indictments alleging conspiracy cover only a few routes. The indictments against BRADY and KELLOGG found in April last charge a crime of simple character which it is thought could be proved or disproved in in a very short time.

THE most notable event of the week was the failure on Saturday of the great provision firm of MCGEOCH, EVERINGHAM & Co., of Chicago. This had more than the usual significance of the suspension of a leading business house, because the firm was the leader in a grand combination to hold up the price of lard, and through it that of provisions generally and grain. Present estimates put the value of the lard held by the combination at the enormous figure of $5,000,000. Lard closed on Friday afternoon at $11.50 per 100 pounds. All the bears had concentrated their forces to make a break in the morning, and the McGeoch combination, foreseeing that the critical moment was at hand, made strenuous efforts to hold their ground. It was thought that $1,000,000 would enable them to do this, and the amount was promised at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. But $750,000 was actually forthcoming at the appointed hour, the bears made a determined onslaught, and the combination was broken. In the rout that followed lard fell to $9.20—a decline that involved MCGEOCH—who was worth $1,500,000—and his principal supporters, in hopeless ruin. Other provisions and grain sympathized with the movement, the recent good weather, giving a strong impulse to lower prices—everything fell off with great rapidity, and the day closed with the greatest aggregate subsidence of values of any 24 hours in the history of the country. The bottom was reached almost at one bound however, and a much healthier tone followed immediately.

THE event that has thrilled all Europe and America within the week is the terrible catastrophe that occurred at Sunderland, England, last Saturday night by which almost 200 children lost their lives. A large number had attended an entertainment in a public hall, and on going out, down a winding stairway, a child near the door stumbled and fell, those crowding behing falling over him until they lay a crushed mass, eight deep, the dead and dying together. The door through which they were to go was only opened sufficiently to allow one to pass at a time and this is considered the cause of the accident.

A MATTER of great interest is the passage on the second reading in the House of Lords of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. This is the virtual ending of a long and remarkable Parliamentary struggle, for having passed so far, it is not at all likely that the majority will be reversed on the third reading. Hitherto the legislation upon this subject has been governed by the deep religious feeling of the people, but so many cases having arisen to cause trouble consequent upon the law as it stands, it became a felt necessity to change it, altho the opposition has been long and protracted.

EUROPE is watching with some anxiety the progress of the Albanian struggle against the Montenegrins and Turks. It will be remembered that there was a clause in the Berlin treaty which gave to Montenegro a slice of Albanian territory and it is against this that the Albanians are fighting. Sympathy seems generally to be with them and against their opponents.

AN eminent Russian military authority says that China, by simply leaving the Tonquin question unsettled, by secretly encouraging the warlike Tartars to take service in Annam, by making a semblance of continued preparations, by being constantly alert—in short, by executing Fabian strategy on a most gigantic scale—can create a permanent drain on the fighting strength of France and diminish her importance as a factor in the politics of Europe. Meanwhile orders have been received by Austria from Pekin giving employment to extra hands in the Krupp factory, and telegraphic instructions have been received at Stettin from Shanghai to construct a steel cruiser, several steel guns and torpedo boats and a floating dock.

LAST week nearly 3,000 people left New York for Europe. Strange that all the attractions of the New World do not draw a current of travel this way. Europeans with money mostly content themselves at home, but when an OSCAR WILDE or Mrs. LANGTRY feels the need of added dollars they hire them across the ocean.

A TARIFF PROBLEM.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I am disposed to favor a high Protective Tariff; but I may err in my ideas of how it should apply to our manufactors, merchants and consumers. Now, I will state a case, and your honor may draw on your bank of goodness and patience, and illumine my dark understanding. Suppose a certain English house ships us a cargo of "I. X. L." knives. Our Tariff law makes the Englishman pay a duty, say, of $1 per knife; then the merchant on this side the frog-pond must ask $2 per knife in order to realize a small margin. Is it not so? If so, cannot our knife factories turn out a better knife than "Johnny Bull" can, for 75 cents, and our merchant sell it for $1, and have a better margin, after all, than on the English goods?

Query: If such was the law, would our merchants be allowed to sell the American knife at $2? If so, where is protection?

Answer: In the factory and store-room. If so, American freemen must pay the duty whether they buy American or English goods. "Wass sagst du?"

T. W. DANNER

Raymore, Mo., June 6, 1883.

Our correspondent has stated some of the factors in the Tariff problem very neatly, and hinted at others.

Undoubtedly the hardware merchant is going to charge for a knife the amount it cost in England, the amount of the duty on it, and a liberal percentage on both for profit. Undoubtedly also, the American manufacturer of a knife equally as good is at the outset going to put the price of the same up to about the cost of the English knife. But it is a law that has no exception in America that no man can make extraordinary profits very long. It will soon be found out, competitors will invade the field, and the profits will be cut down. If one American manufacturer can produce for 50 cents a knife as good as the English one for which $2 is charged, another one will speedily find out how to do it, too, and make a strong effort to get that $1.50 profit himself. Competition will immediately spring up between the two, and in a little while the same grade of knife will be sold for say 60 cents.

This is true of nearly every article, the manufacture of which has been encouraged by the Tariff for any length of time. The competition among the factories which have sprung up here has in many cassein a little while brought the cost of the articles to the consumer far below what the European consumer has to pay.

A merchant of Toledo, doing an extensive dry-goods business, illustrated this to us the other day by showing us a sample of a standard ribbon, of which immense quantities are used. A few years ago all of the ribbons of that kind came from France, and cost $16 a dozen bolts in gold. Under the encouragement of the Tariff, ribbon factories sprang up in New Jersey. American ingenuity provided machinery for doing the work done in France by hand; the factories competed with each other, introducing devices which would cheapen and improve the work, and now a better grade of the same variety of ribbons is produced at $3.75 $4 a dozen.

This is one of the industries which have outgrown Protection, and now those ribbon-manufacturers no longer want a Tariff on that variety of products.

What is true of ribbons is even truer of prints and calicos, the staple grades of which have been for years sold at retail for about the rate of the duty upon them.

Consequently, with the vast bulk of protected goods sold at figures which have no reference whatever to the rates of duty—at figures which are in most instances very nearly as low as the same grades can be bought in Europe, and in many still lower—it is quite evident that the Free Traders' claim of every purchaser of an American article being taxed with the duty on the foreign article will not stand a minute's examination.

The biggest factor in the Tariff problem is the one that Free Traders labor to ignore. This is the competition of the protected manufacturers with each other, which has never failed to soon give us goods of wonderful cheapness and excellence.

A MAIL ROBBER CAUGHT.

The telegraph has already informed the readers of the BLADE of the detection, arrest and confession of the man who has been carrying on systematic robbery of the mails at Toledo for many months past. This rascal's depredations have not only caused great loss and annoyance to us and our subscribers, but also, to a less degree, to the merchants and business men of Toledo generally. We suffered much more than any one else, because so much more of our business is transacted through the mails. MAHER & GROSH, *The Railroader*, and many large wholesale houses incurred losses of very considerable amounts.

It is not the loss of money that is most annoying in this case, however. Worse than this is the feeling of irritation engendered in the minds of those who send money through the mails, and which fails to reach its destination. Let the blame be where it may, the loser generally feels soured against the concern to which he has sent the money, and is disposed to withdraw his patronage in favor of some other one.

The arrest of MORRISON, the Toledo thief, will be followed by that of his accomplices, and the severe punishment that will be visited upon him and them, will effectually break up mail-robbing for a long time to come.

But we especially enjoin upon all our friends everywhere, to refrain from sending money in letters. In 99 cases out of 100 it comes through all right, but in the hundredth there may be trouble. It is so easy and cheap to get a money order or register the letter that there is hardly any excuse for sending money itself in the letter. We want all our friends to send us their subscriptions with perfect freedom, but we must beg them to take the very little additional trouble involved in getting a money order, or registering their letters.

IF there were ever a justifiable street-murder—if it were ever right to waylay a man and shoot him down as one does a mad-dog—then the killing of DUKES by young NUTT was eminently right and justifiable. It differs much from the common forms of taking the law in one's own hand. DUKES had inflicted most terrible injuries on the NUTT family. He had made frightful charges against the character of the daughter, and shot the father down in a very cowardly way when called to account. A bribed jury refused to convict the seducer, slanderer and murderer. The time came then for a representative of the family to take the law in his own hands, and the son did so in a straightforward, manly way. Young NUTT's act will only be blamed by those who hold that nothing can excuse taking human life. Every one else will applaud him.

THE BLADE is the best paper in the world for one dollar. Send in your dollar and get it.

VITAL COST OF THE WAR.

The latest of the "Campaigns of the Civil War," published by CHARLES SCRIBNER'S Sons, New York, is the "Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States," by Capt. CHARLES PENSTERER, and is an especially valuable work. It contains a very careful and accurate summary of all the statistical and chronological facts pertaining to the War of the Rebellion.

What is of special interest is a statement of the absolute cost of life of the struggle to maintain the Union. Under this head the following table and accompanying remarks are presented:

	Regulars.	White Vol's.	Colored troops.	Total
Killed in battle	1,335	41,369	1,514	44,238
Died of wounds and injuries	1,174	46,271	1,760	49,205
Suicide, homicide, and execution	27	442	57	526
Died of disease	3,009	153,995	29,212	186,216
Unknown causes	159	23,188	837	24,184
Total	5,724	265,265	33,380	304,369

The Adjutant-General reports that 26,168 men are known to have died while prisoners of war in the hands of the enemy.

The latest report from the War Department on record makes the total loss by death..303,504
The foregoing summary makes it.....304,368

the difference arising from the fact that the Surgeon-General reports over 900 more regulars died during the war than the Adjutant-General.

There were 280,040 wounded in battle, and 184,791 missing or captured. Taking the whole number of men furnished by the States and Territories during the war, it would appear that

Out of every 65 one was killed in action.
" " " 56 " died of wounds.
" " " 13 " " disease.
" " " 9 " while in the service.
" " " 10 " was wounded in action.

As a great many of the men furnished never came near the front, or were subjected to the risks of battle, the proportion of casualties to those who were actually in the field was, of course, much greater. It is assumed that of every 1,000, 662 were at the front, and took part in the operations. Of these

One in every 42.7 was killed in battle.
One in every 38.1 died of wounds.
One in every 13.5 died of disease.

So that of every 9.2 men at the front, one lost his life from some cause or another.

One man in every seven who was captured died, but this gives a misleading idea of the proportion of deaths, since nearly all the prisoners captured on both sides prior to July 1, 1863, were paroled immediately—generally on the field of battle. Of those taken subsequent to July 1, 1863, and held in confinement, at least 2 out of every 3 died. Of every four men who so much as set foot in Andersonville one died before getting out, and taking the deaths after being removed to other prisons, and after being released, it is pretty certain that in all, four out of five died from the effects of imprisonment.

UNWELCOME SPECULATIONS.

From time to time the public learns of sales of millions of acres of land to foreign capitalists, and it is beginning to become monotonous. The motto of the United States is free homes for everybody, but that does not in spirit mean the buying up of large tracts of land for speculative purposes, by people who have no idea of ever coming to this country to live. It is true that they claim to be making these purchases for the occupation of colonists, and perhaps it is so in some cases, but the ways of management appear often far more like a money making matter than anything else.

The tendency of late has seemed in many parts of the country to be towards disintegration of these large ownerships. In the South the immense plantations, which in the old slave days poured money into the hands of a single owner, even when but half cultivated, are breaking up into small farms owned by as many individuals, who are to win independence by what they can raise upon them. A thrifty population will thus spring up where were vast fields stretching away for miles without human habitation or occupancy. The change cannot help increasing the country's prosperity.

California has had a shorter experience of the same kind, but as the strong feeling against the employment of droves of Chinamen, whose chief labor could make these thousands of acres yield a return has increased, the number of these immense farms has diminished, and the State is divided into small ones upon which the actual owners and workers live. And this is as it should be. It is the only true way to develop a country, and it is what was contemplated by those who invited the oppressed hither to find comfortable homes by fair industry.

THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

On August 1 a great Exposition is to be opened at Louisville, Ky., to continue for 100 days. The object is to bring together there the products of the whole country, North, South, East and West, and thus to arouse the South to new efforts towards development in all kinds of business enterprises. The rich grains of the West can be grown upon the fertile Southern lands with proper cultivation.

The improvement in manufacturing implements used to advantage in the East and North may be utilized to the great advantage of the South, if only it is brought face to face with them and made to realize their power. This is what the Louisville Exposition proposes to do, with the expectation that the advancement in material prosperity in the South ern States will be far more rapid in consequence.

Nor will the other portions of the Union fail to reap benefit from this gathering together of products. It will bring together the business men of the different sections and show that theirs is a community of interests. It will do much toward wearing away the animosity that resulted from the war. This gone and Northern capitalists will find that in the South skill and capital will both find ample and remunerative employment, while Southern people will recognize the wisdom of that policy which invites them thither. The Louisville Exposition will still further carry the good work along begun by the Atlanta Exposition last year.

BREWSTER says he is "satisfied that the Government presented its case in the best possible manner." Now the job he has before him is to get some besides himself, BLISS, and the Star Route crowd to be equally well satisfied with the Government's presentation.

THE Russian Government is going to build a fine residence in Washington for its Legation, similar to the one erected by the British Government.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

SOME UNDENIABLE FACTS AND INFERENCES.

Ever since the permanent adoption of a Protective Tariff in this country there has been a steady flow hither from Europe of skilled artizans and factory operatives.

Every year the number of these has been several tens of thousands; many years it has gone beyond 100,000.

Nearly all of these have come from Free Trade England, and what was until recently Free Trade Germany.

The flow this way has been steady; there has never been any return flow.

This is a statement that does not require any proof. Everybody knows and admits it.

Why do these men persist in coming here in yearly increasing numbers? Why do they leave their homes and break off their home ties, to go to a strange and distant land, and remain there?

Unquestionably the inducement is better wages, and the greater power of those wages in purchasing the necessaries of life.

That they all stay here when they come, and that the number coming increases every year is proof beyond questioning that they really do find here better wages and higher buying capacity in those wages. Thus every one of them is a living witness to the beneficence of Protection, and a witness that, though he speak not a word, refutes all the labored arguments of the Free Traders to demonstrate that the workingmen are not benefited by the Tariff. If the workingmen were not much better off here than in Europe not only would no more immigrate hither, but those already here would pack up and go back to their homes. It requires but a few dollars for a dissatisfied Englishman or German to get back across the ocean. A return trip in the steerage hardly costs as much as the price of an average week's labor.

It will not do to say that they come here simply because this is a new country, and offers some inducements other than wages to bring the workmen here. That will apply to the agricultural laborers, and farmers, whom cheap lands attract. It will not apply to mechanics or artizans. They care nothing for cheap lands, or new enterprises. They go where they can get the most money for their labor, and where the money will buy the most of what they want.

They come here because the condition of the workingman under Protection is much better than under Free Trade. If it was not, they would stay at home.

ANDOVER COLLEGE.

Something has happened at Andover College, in Massachusetts, which renders it necessary for some very active and decided steps to be taken on the part of the President and the clergymen of the Congregational Church who have the theological well-being of Andover at heart. That "something" is the getting into the faculty of gentlemen whose opinions are not cut and squared by the orthodox Congregational doctrine. Until very lately Andover has escaped the growth and changes which have come to almost every other institution in the land, but the foundation walls of its theology seemed, at last, beginning to crack, and something had to be done.

The step taken was the formulating of the Andover system of theology anew by the President, which was approved by a Committee of clergymen. This tells in precise terms what doctrines the Professors subscribe to, and what they are to teach. If anything therein goes against the grain of their belief they are of course expected to resign, and this is the result designed to be obtained. As soon, therefore, as the system is put in printed form as a formal declaration of doctrines considerable changes must take place in the Faculty.

Andover has a right to take this step. It is a College which is the pride of the Congregational Church, and founded upon its tenets which these clergymen believe unchanging. So believing, and having the College in charge, they have no right to admit anything which will have a tendency to pull down and destroy the old work. And yet they can no more stop the tide which is sweeping onward both in and out of the Church than they can check the flow of the Niagara river just before it reaches the Falls. They may hold the college back for a season, but by and by thinned ranks of students and a decay of vitality will compel the recognition of the fact that thought moves apace, and that in religious matters, as in other things, it is broadenied day by day, until it will become a principle even in the churches, that aside from a few great truths, it does not matter so much what a man believes as what he does. Andover is not yet ready to admit this, and until she is, those having her interests in charge do right to weed out from the ranks of her teachers those who cannot fully accept her tenets.

NOT GUILTY.

The end of 30 months of wearisome litigation—the end of the pretentious and sounding prosecution—the end of the arrogant and bombastic defense—the end of draining the Treasury by leech-like counsel for the prosecution, and of the accused by cormorant counsel for the defense—the end of open perjury, of hired slander, of week-long speeches which no one listened to or remembered—in short, the end of all the aggravating folly and shamelessness, of uscrupulous professional greed matching the greed of the accused Treasury plunderers, has come, with a verdict of "Not Guilty" by the jury in the Star Route case.

This verdict is an outrage on the Nation. Twelve men, selected from the peculiarly venal mass that make up the population of the District of Columbia—a population that lives and thrives on the droppings of the Capitol—have defrauded Justice of her rights, and connived to set the guilty free.

But though DORSEY & Co. escape the penitentiary which yawned for them, though this purchased jury has refused to convict them, they can not escape the crushing verdict of the whole Nation. Fifty million people believe DORSEY and his accomplices to be thieves who should be at hard work in prison. The evidence richly justifies such a verdict, and it will stand for all time.

PENNSYLVANIANS express much concern as to what is to be done with young NUTT. It will disgrace the State, they say, to either convict or acquit him. He might be released on bail to keep the peace toward DUKES hereafter.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

NASBY.

THEY had a late Spring and a wet Summer in SHAKSPERE'S day, but the divine WILLIAM described it differently from the way such things are recorded in the archives of the Signal Bureau. In their petulant lover's quarrel in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" the dainty little fairy Queen *Titania*, woman like, accuses her lord, *Oberon*, of having caused it all by his ill-treatment of her. Her speech is a most charming bit of poetry:

These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle Summer's Spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes on the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their Winter here.
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And thro' this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And an old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet Summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The Spring, the Summer,
The childing Autumn, angry Winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

OUT West there was once a bold, bad man, like DUKES, who was found in the morning stiff and cold, with his hide in such a state of perforation that, as the phrase is "it would not hold shucks." Nor was there much mistake as to the shooters—for they embraced a large portion of the able-bodied males of the community. Nevertheless an inquest was held.

"Death by exposure," was the verdict.

"What!" gasped the astonished Prosecutor, who had come down from the City, to look after the matter.

"Yes,—exposure to bullets," calmly answered the foreman of the jury, replenishing his quid with another slice from a plug of natural leaf.

Something such a verdict ought to be returned in the Dukes case.

THE alarm about a deficient harvest has been pretty thoroly dispelled by the recent warm weather. The "local rains" that prevailed all over the country in May have produced an enormous hay crop—the largest the country has ever had. The hay interests are of immense importance to the country. Abundant hay means cheap beef, and makes the corn and oat crop go much farther. The crop is exceedingly promising. Never has the weather been more favorable for this species of grain than this year. The wheat plant is developing marvelously, and as for corn the land will smile with a plenty that will foreshadow the millenium.

LOVERS of SHAKSPERE calculate upon a grand Shaksperean revival in this country next year. With BOOTH and IRVING, the two greatest Shaksperean actors living, playing against each other in New York, with LAWRENCE BARRETT at the Grand Opera House, JOHN MCCULLOUGH in Brooklyn, and JANAUSCHEK, MODJESKA, RHEA, LANGTRY and SARA JEWETT in the feminine *roles* in various parts of the country, the old Bard of Avon will get such an airing before the public as he has not had since the old FORREST-BOOTH-MACREADY days.

METEREOLOGISTS say that the cause of so many tornados in different parts of the country is the remarkable differences of temperature in different parts of the country, but what produces these differences it is impossible to state. The general track of these storms is from southwest to northeast, and they are more likely to occur in a tract of country beginning near Kansas City and stretching northeast towards Montreal, than anywhere else. It is impossible to foretell them, tho they are more likely to occur in the Spring and Fall than at any other season. This year is an exceptional one in their frequency and violence.

GEN. GRANT gains in knowledge of statecraft, day by day. He recently told a Louisville reporter that he was in favor of wiping out the Internal revenue system and making the burden of taxation fall upon imported articles. "The States themselves should have charge of the liquor and tobacco tax and do what they please with it."

THE Iowa Democrats are disrupted over their Tariff for Revenue plank. The Iowa people are too anxious to have manufactories develop in their State, to have much patience with such un-American nonsense.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We wish every family receiving the BLADE could also possess a copy of the Illustrated Bible Biography, the handsome $3 book we are now mailing postpaid for $1.25. Out of nearly 1,000 copies printed, we have only some 300 left, and they are going fast. Secure a copy while you can.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Business failures of the past week in the United States, 186.——John Radford, wife murderer, has received his death sentence at Fremont, O.——The National Garfield Monument Association met in Cleveland, O. J. H. Rhodes presented a tabulated statement of the contributions to date. It was as follows: Whole amount contributed, $126,600.34; interest, $4,158.34; total receipts, $130,758.68. Ex-Pres. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont; Hon. Amos Townsend, Mr. Joseph Perkins, Col. John Hay and Mr. H. B. Hurlbut, of Cleveland, were elected trustees for three years. Gov. Charles Foster, ex-Pres. Hayes, Mr. J. H. Wade, Hon. H. B. Payne and Mr. Joseph Perkins were appointed an executive committee. Mr. J. H. Rhodes was elected Secretary, and the National Bank of Commerce Treasurer. About $125,000 is drawing interest at four per cent.——The Greenback party of Ohio held a State Convention, adopting a platform and nominating candidates for State offices, to be voted for in October.——Park Goodwin, one of the most consistent advocates of free trade in the country, thinks the free trade cause has made no substantial progress in the past 50 years.——Ex-Gov. St. John, of Kansas, is reported to be working to secure a Legislature controlled by the Prohibitionists, with the expectation that it will elect him to the United States Senate.——Mrs. Langtry is reported to have $100,000 in bank, and will spend a portion of it at Coney Island and Newport, and then will go to Europe.——The Proteus, sent out to search for and relieve the Greely arctic expedition, has received her supplies at Halifax.——Rev. R. C. Morgan has been excluded from the Baptist Church for immoral conduct, the Monongahela Association meeting at Connellsville, Pa., having sustained the action of his own church.——The ground upon which Union City, Tenn., is situated, was mortgaged when it was a farm. The mortgage is held by a bank, which threatens to foreclose it, and the residents are much disturbed.——A New York photographer claims to have made $10,000 on the Jersey Lily's pictures.——George Morrison, night distributor in the Toledo, O., Postoffice, was caught in the act of opening letters and appropriating the contents. His peculations have been going on for a year. Among other victims, the BLADE has lost between $1,000 and $2,000. The culprit is not 20 years old.——In the London dynamite cases Thursday, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against Dr. Gallagher, Wilson, Whitehead and Curtin, and a verdict of not guilty in the case of Ansburgh and Bernard Gallagher. The four men found guilty were then sentenced to life-long penal servitude.——Gen. R. E. Lee's oldest son is a Virginia farmer.——Dr. Jennie Trout, of Toronto, Can., a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has donated $10,000 to that City to establish a medical school for women.——When Washington was inaugurated as President in 1789, there were but seven postoffices in the State of New York. Now the State contains considerably over 3,000.——There is a lady of a respectable station in life in one of the North China Towns, aged 17, who has just been sold to a wealthy man for a wife. She was not weaned until she was 14, and now looks like a big, fat baby, acts like one, and, aside from her age, is one.——The breaking up of the Dorsey-Brady star route conspiracy has had its effect. In the section of country comprising Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota the cost of the star mail service for the year ending June, 1882, was $505,082, the mileage being 6,803,078. The cost of the service for the year ending June, 1883, was $335,066, and the mileage 7,509,707, showing there has been a reduction in the cost of the service the past year of about $110,000, while the mileage has increased nearly a million.——The high license bill has passed both House and Senate in Illinois and the Governor has signed it.——Gen. Grant has been suggested as a successor to Sen. Lapham, of New York.——Since March 1 to date, Chicago packers have slaughtered and salted 766,000 hogs, against 937,000 for the corresponding period last year.——Roscoe Conkling's argument in favor of oleomargarine was not a success. The Court decided that the sale of the article is to be regulated by State laws, and that State Courts have jurisdiction in the matter.——Davy Crockett and Sam Houston are to be immortalized in marble by Mr. O'Brien, the sculptor, of Baltimore. The orders for these busts come from Texas.——There are 21 cities along the line of the Mexican Central, having an average population of 806,608; nine of these are State capitals. There are seven mints, and the amount of precious metals handled in them cannot now be less than $35,000,000. The annual agricultural values in the 12 States and the federal districts must be at least $110,000,000.——A Washington Grand Jury has found another indictment against ex-Assistant Postmaster General Brady, recently acquitted, in connection with the awarding of a crooked star route contract.——McGeoch, the Scotchman, of the Chicago speculative markets, has failed. He loses over $1,000,000. The failure caused much excitement in the markets of all the large Cities where provisions are handled. Lard sold down from $11.17 to $8.90. McGeoch had been a heavy buyer of lard for a long time, and his buying kept prices up.——The Texas Land Commissioner says "peddlers of Texas land scrip are still selling large amounts to purchasers in the Northern States at very good prices. This is simply swindling, as prices in Texas are down to a nominal rate and there is not public land on which to locate one in a thousand of these certificates."——There are said to be 300,000 professional beggars in Russia.——Hoadly still appears to be in the lead for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio.——The Pennsylvania Legislature has provided for keeping up appropriations until 1890, 25 years after the close of the war, for paying pensions to soldiers' orphans. After that claims should be pooled with those of Revolution and 1812 widows.——The fast trains which are to be put on the Union Pacific Railroad will make the run to San Francisco 20 hours sooner than it is made under the present schedule.——Col. Morrow and Proctor Knott met in joint debate upon the issues of the hour at Mt. Vernon, Ky., Saturday evening. The Duluth orator is reported to have been worsted.——Mr. Parnell, the Irish Home Rule leader of Parliament, sends out the announcement of his intention to visit the United States in September.——Postmaster General Gresham has received the degree of LL.D. from Wabash College and the Indiana State University.——The cases against Wm. Pitt Kellogg and Thomas J. Brady, for corruption in connection with mail contracts, were called up in Criminal Court at Washington Monday. Argument upon pleas in abatement will be heard Saturday.——There were 40 deaths from yellow fever at Havana last week.——Bancroft, the historian, has arrived at Newport and has taken up his Summer residence. He is in excellent health.——In conformity with legislation enacted by Congress at the last session, 25 Clerks in the Pension Bureau and 21 Clerks in the Patent Office were discharged. The discharges were to take effect July 1st.——A special from Washington says ex-Sen. Conkling is writing a book upon the political history of the last quarter of a century. The real object, it is said, will be to present certain features of politics to the country which Blaine might perhaps not present in a light satisfactory to Conkling.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

The Star Route Verdict—Falling Off of the Revenue—Internal Revenue Collectors—Smithsonian Institute—John Howard Payne—The Bicycle—Brady.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, June 15, 1883.

The Star Route trial went to the jury three days ago on a charge from Judge Wiley, which was strongly against the defendants, and an agreement of the jury yesterday with a verdict of *not guilty* is a surprise to the public and a terrible blow to the Attorney General, who has evidently felt that his reputation and position in the Cabinet were concerned in the result. The enormous expenses of the trial and the great length of time that it occupied would not have been cause for so much complaint had it ended in a verdict for the Government. But in view of the failure, these things will be the subject of general complaint and will, besides, have the effect to discourage the Government from entering on similar prosecutions in cases that ought to have prompt attention. The length of the trial was not only needless but a cause of embarrassment. Such endless speeches might be serviceable before a bench of trained judges, but a jury is supposed to be made up of plain men, who want the argument in a nutshell.

It appears from conversation had with the jury that the conviction was general among them that a conspiracy had not been proved, and as the indictment was for conspiracy, if that did not exist they understood that there could be no conviction. On the first vote they stood 9 to 3, both in relation to the question of conspiracy and of individual guilt. Of course, the three finally consented to go with the majority. There are other indictments against Brady, beside the indictment against ex-Sen. Kellogg, and counsel on the Government side say they will press them to trial at once; but Judge Wylie thinks such a course will be unwise, and that nothing will be lost by delay. The scene in the court-room, when a juryman was prostrated by delirium tremens was quite in character with the whole trial, and at the time, it was thought that such conduct might embarrass the result. But the doctor ordered the juryman to have *two drinks a day*, and that was sufficient to keep him in pretty respectable trim for his duties; and, as there is an agreement, a drunken juryman will make no difference. A good many people who believe the defendants are guilty and ought to be punished, have a sort of satisfaction in the verdict as the cause of the extraordinary means used to procure a conviction.

It has not been usual to call men who have borne good characters thieves and villains before they had a chance to vindicate their conduct, or to try men in the newspapers before they were tried by an organized Court. Nor has it been usual to arrest the foreman of a jury and hold him up to public odium because the verdict was not satisfactory. It was generally understood here that the foreman of the former jury was arrested and the verdict scandalized as a warning to the new jury; and these extraordinary phases of the proceedings, together with its great length and enormous expense, make some people feel that a verdict of acquittal was only a just retribution for such proceedings, whether the accused are guilty or not. One of the counsel for the defense said yesterday: "They never have proved and never can prove a conspiracy. There isn't much doubt that there was some crookedness, but there was no conspiracy to prove." It would seem, viewed from any standpoint, that the six months' job was badly managed, and that the plan of trying cases outside of the Court-room is not a very satisfactory way; and that, in such cases, the Government is pretty sure to get the worst of it.

The unexpected decrease in the revenue, before the new laws go into effect, causes some uneasiness, and some fear that the reduced basis may not be sufficient to meet the wants of the Government. A reduction of letter postage will soon go into effect and will certainly put the Postoffice Department largely behind; but how much can only be known by actual experiment. The revenue of the present year was at high tide during the first quarter, being some five millions in advance of last year; but since then it has fallen away so much, that the whole year will probably be 10 millions short of last year. For 11 months it compares with last year as follows:

Customs, 1882	202,880,089	Decrease
" 1883	192,932,206	9,958,823
Internal Revenue, 1882	133,922,382	Increase
" 1883	133,710,206	388,411
Miscellaneous, 1882	34,247,692	Increase.
" 1883	36,728,064	2,480,372

Customs show a large falling off, while Internal Revenue and miscellaneous are in excess, making the whole reduction for 11 months over seven millions.

A good deal is said about the pressure on the President in regard to reductions contemplated in the number of Internal Revenue Collectors. But so far as can be heard here in Washington, that matter is going steadily along without any considerable interference from without. The Collectors now number 129, and, by the plan suggested to the President, they are reduced to 90. It is quite likely that there may be some variation from this plan, but the present indications are that it will be substantially adopted. The number appointed to Ohio is 9; and the President withholds the appointment of Furay in place of Walcott till the new plan is finally adopted.

A very interesting collection of plaster casts arrived day before yesterday for the Smithsonian Institute. We call this the New World. But these casts bring to the notice of our citizens the remains of temples and monuments in Central America which show that it may be as old as Egypt or the ruins of Central America prove that the country was once inhabited by a people who used cut stone for their buildings and ornamented them with works of art scarcely inferior to those of Greece and Rome. The casts are contributed by Pierre Lorillard who sent Mr. Charnay to Central America on purpose to procure them. He was not permitted to bring away the originals.

Besides the verdict in the Star Route trial Washington has had two considerable excitements since my last, viz., the reception of the remains of John Howard Payne, and a great bicycle exhibition and race. Payne died at Tunis in 1852, but Mr. Corcoran's admiration of his genius induced him to bring over his remains and have them buried ceremoniously in the beautiful Forgetown Cemetery, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory. Payne was a man of ability and wrote dramas which he also played with remarkable success. But the thing which has made him known all over the English-speaking world was his touching song of "Home, Sweet Home." The ceremonies at the Oak Hill Cemetery were very impressive and appropriate. The singing of "Home, Sweet Home" was of course a part of them.

The bicycle race was witnessed by a vast crowd and brought out nearly 300 wheels. A procession of that kind is a novelty for our City and called out much interest.

BUCKEYE.

BRADY.—Mr. Brady has not been convicted, but the trial has left no doubt anywhere that he is a reckless, unprincipled, unconscientious operator that an Administration should avoid, instead of putting him in charge of important public trusts. The suits against him for the recovery of large sums unlawfully taken remain to be traversed, and it is to be hoped will turn out better than the half-hearted prosecutions against Samuel J. Tilden. Gen. Brady's coolness during the trial has been the subject of much remark, and one of his friends describes his character as follows:

"Tom Brady was always noted for his nerve. He could stand prosperity and take punishment better than any man I ever knew. He came as nearly being a natural born gambler as any man in the world, I do believe—not a gambler at cards, for I do not know that he ever played a card, but a gambler in everything else. He has put up his last dollar many and many a time on grain and stocks, deals, and game broke, or made his thousands without the quickening of his pulse or the exhibition of the faintest trace of nervousness. He had the luck of small speculators for 10 or 12 years after the war, occasionally making a handsome thing, but oftener landing flat on his back at the end of some venture; but when the current set in his way, he 'played 'em high,' 'forced his luck,' as the boys say, and won a million on Wall street."

That is not the kind of a man to be entrusted with public affairs. But that is not quite all. After the trial Brady naturally felt happy and such men show their good parts by going to a saloon. Accordingly, he and Dorsey went across the street for refreshments. After they had taken their drink, other friends came up, and, Brady, turning to the bar-keeper said: "This is our day, give the boys what they want and turn the account over to me." This order worked wonders and presently the whole loafing and drinking and swearing fraternity of the Capital was pushing and crowding around the bar with such peremptory demands for drink that the bar-keeper was overwhelmed and made an appeal to Brady to put some limit on his order, which was accordingly done, and in due time the mob was choked off. According to the Old Book, if we "sow to the wind we shall reap the whirlwind;" and the administration that puts such a man in charge of the public business might, without much warning, expect to reap a crop of reckless sterlings and interminable law-suits. Brady evidently "played high" with the Government contracts, and the great fortune that he made came largely out of Government appropriations. B.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The City Fights the State and Gets Beaten—Some Points About the Astor Family—Statuary for the Park—Fooling with Battery Men—Cardinal McCloskey's New Home—Various Items of Local News.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1883.

It was oppressively warm during the early part of the week, but the later days were delightfully cool and pleasant. A cyclone on Long Island rather startled New Yorkers, especially those who do business in the ninth and tenth stories of our buildings. These edifices are, for the most part, very strong, but I doubt if they could resist a regular Western cyclone.

THE CITY MUST PAY UP.

For many years the City has been kicking against the payment of its share of State taxes, and has paid only under protest. The Court of Appeals has at last settled the matter by deciding that the City must pay up in full. The amount due is very large, and has been greatly increased by the system pursued for years by the City of borrowing money nearly a year in advance of the collection of taxes, on which borrowed money the City pays interest, all for the benefit of certain banks and capitalists.

THE ASTORS

Although he has never dabbled in politics, the figure of John Jacob Astor is well-known in Broadway—over six feet high, quite stout, with broad and slightly stooping shoulders, plainly dressed, with grizzled hair, sandy mustache and florid complexion, always carrying an umbrella, and is a conspicuous figure. It is seldom that he is seen in a carriage or public vehicle, for, like his father, he is a great pedestrian, and makes nothing of tramping from his house in Fifth Avenue at Thirty-third to Wall street, a distance of more than three miles. It is singular how little people in general know about this millionaire family. Old John Jacob Astor had two sisters who came to this Country nearly a century ago. Catharine was married in Germany to George Ehringer, who was the first man to start a cordial distillery in this country. He may be said to have lived and died by his business, for after making a fortune he was burnt to death one day by an explosion in his distillery. The widow married another distiller, Michael Miller, and kept on the business for many years. The other sister married in New York a man named Wendell, who was for some time in the employment of old Astor, who was then in the fur trade, in which business Wendell finally set up for himself and got rich. A son of his was living on Fifth avenue not long ago.

John Jacob Astor had seven children—three sons and four daughters. One son was an imbecile, and the old man built a palace for him at the corner of West Fourteenth street and Ninth avenue, where he was tenderly taken care of until he died. One of the sons of John Jacob was William Backhouse Astor, but he would never use the full middle name, although it was that of a rich and highly respectable mercantile family. I remember of seeing a big sign near Fulton ferry on which was inscribed "E. T. Backhouse." John Jacob was the other son, and the only one of the original Astor's children now living, I believe. The history of these men is well known. William B. was the father of William Astor, now Minister to Italy. I have heard of a Henry Astor as one of John Jacob's offsprings; but this is a mistake. Henry was old J. J.'s brother, and was a jovial butcher in the Bowery, years and years ago.

Of old John Jacob's daughters, Magdalen married a Dane, who was Governor of the island of Santa Cruz. He soon made her a widow, and she married an English clergyman named Bristed. They were the parents of the well known author, Charles Astor Bristed. The elder Bristed was not only a preacher but a physician, so he was in the line of saving both souls and bodies. He was also a lawyer, and a partner with the famous Beverly Robinson. Sarah Astor, another of John's daughters, died while a child. Eliza, who was looked upon as the flower of the family, went to Paris and married a Swiss Count (a genuine article), who afterwards came to the United States in a diplomatic capacity, and negotiated a commercial treaty with Henry Clay. Dorothea Astor, the last of the daughters, married a Yankee by the name of Langdon. She lived a widow for many years in a fine house in Astor place, and was in the house when it was battered by the bullets of the Seventh Regiment while putting down the Forrest-Macready theatrical riot in 1849. I do not know anything of her children, in fact do not know that she had any. Very few of the Astors and their descendants will be remembered for their money.

PARK STATUARY.

We have in this City a few good specimens and many poor specimens of statuary. About the oldest and worst is the Washington on horseback at Union Square; one of the newest and among the best is the Farragut in Madison Square. A few days ago the very latest addition was uncovered in Central Park. It is a life-size bronze figure of an American panther, in a crouching attitude, as if to spring at some unseen victim. The general criticism is favorable. The pose of the animal is very natural; the action is strong and nervous and the modeling is excellent. The head is bent low and stretched out; the back arched, displaying the vertebræ, and the tail curved in a natural and savage manner. The plaster cast was the work of a young artist of this City, Mr. Edward Kemeys, who made his study from a panther captured in Colorado. The cast has been placed on the crest of the natural rock on the eastern drive, above Seventy-ninth street.

The next addition to Central Park statuary will be a figure of Simon Bolivar, the Washington of South America, to be presented by the Venezuelian Government, and made public on the 22d of February next. Bolivar is shown, sword in hand, reining in his horse.

THE OLD FARCE PLAYED AGAIN.

Our virtuous police have made their political war upon lottery and policy shops, capturing a score of the small fry, while those of any importance were warned soon enough to be out of the way. This is like the spasmodic raids upon gambling houses, or upon houses of worse repute, when the proprietors get behind in paying their monthly or weekly indemnity. In some precincts there is a show of enforcing the law requiring gin-shops to keep closed on Sunday, but there is no place having business enough to pay for gas in the daytime that is not easily accessible through a convenient side or back door. Rum sellers don't pay as well as gambling houses and brothels, but the policeman can always get his free drinks.

THE LILY AT REST.

Mrs Langtry is here again, and will visit Coney Island and Newport. She has played with little interruption about 15 months. In a few weeks she will go to England, but will return in the Autumn. Her agent says she has salted down $100,000 of American money. Next season she will return to this country and travel in a car fitted up like a luxurious parlor or bed-room.

NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY.

People who imagine that Roman Catholic prelates live in gorgeous palaces would be undeceived by a visit to Cardinal McCloskey's new house in the rear of St. Patrick's Cathedral. They would enter a hall furnished with severe simplicity, where they would meet an aged butler in swallow-tail coat and black neck tie, who would show them to the large and lofty reception room with white walls, door and window trimmings, and mantels of walnut, plain dark shades to subdue the light, and mahogany furniture of the old style upholstered in hair. The ornaments in the room are a testimonial of the Common Council to Archbishop Hughes and a few paintings of the old masters. The drawing room is more showy, but the furniture and ornaments were those used by the Cardinal in his former houses. Everything is plain. The Cardinal spends much time in his library. For exercise he has a turn-out drawn by black horses, the coachman and groom wearing no ornament except a thin red cord on the seam of the trowsers. In the street the Cardinal wears black broadcloth and a high hat of the clerical style. The purple silk stock around his neck is the only visible sign of his high office.

NOTES.

Cardinal McCloskey's health is improving. He is, however, quite feeble.

War is made on the trade-dollar, and dealers in country produce refuse to take them at par.

St. John's Guild will begin its excursions for sick children on the 26th inst. These excursions are worth more than doctors or medicine to the little sufferers.

The ablest lawyer in the City is John Leveridge, who was 82 last September. He is still hale and hearty. He was admitted to the bar 62 years ago.

John Kelley has whipped in the recusant Democratic Aldermen and they have confirmed Gen. Shaler, a leading Republican, for Chief of the Health Department.

ESDU.

ARKANSAS.

What a Northerner Finds to Say About It.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

LITTLE ROCK, June 7.

In your last issue I saw a communication from this State is desired. I have often wished some one would write us up for the BLADE, and as no one has ventured I will do the best I can.

To a person coming here in from Michigan, as we did, in early Spring, the contrast in climate was very striking. Leaving home with furs and overcoats we were glad to lay them aside long before reaching here and alighting from the train. We exclaimed, "This is indeed the sweet sunny South." There are so many shrubs and plants in bloom, and so many lovely evergreen trees, among which the magnolia has no rival. Potatos, peas, lettuce, cabbage and such are planted this month, and at this date nearly all the vegetables excepting sweet potatos and corn have reached maturity, and the market gardeners and farmers are getting ready for the second crop, which, for most crops, will need to be planted this month. All grains do well here and bring good prices. Corn is from 60 cents to $1.10 throughout the year, and new potatos are now selling for 50 cents a bushel, which is considered very cheap, but the high prices last year induced many to raise large and very early crops. Cotton has ever been king, but the farmers are slowly but surely leaving off raising it alone, for it pays better to raise other crops in connection with it, and not to depend wholly on cotton as has been the custom heretofore.

Northern people are rapidly coming in and cutting up the State, and with the thrift and energy they bring with them are fast revolutionizing things. All must admit, I think, that the climate is delightful, excepting that the Summers seem to be too long to those not accustomed to it. The weather is no warmer than at the North, but there is so much more of it that the system becomes debilitated, and by July and August you begin to wish it was Fall; but these are the only disagreeable months, and the longer you stay here the less you feel the length of the Summer. There is plenty of rain, a shower nearly every week, excepting in August, which is considered a dry month. The season is at least six weeks earlier than in Michigan and three weeks earlier than in Kansas. Food for man and beast costs a little more here than at the North. Dry goods and groceries are about the same as in the East. The most of the State is heavily timbered, though it contains some large prairies. It would seem as if there were timber for all purposes for several generations to come. Wood sells at from $3 to $5 a cord. Many barn coal, and there are many coal veins being worked, for home consumption mostly.

Land varies widely in price according to locality. There is plenty of Government land to be had and many old plantations are scattered throughout the country, that can be bought very cheap at $8 to $10 an acre. Many tracts near this City of improved and unimproved places can be bought for from $40 to $100 an acre and 5 to 10 miles out for $10 to $20, but one thing people must not expect here and that is to get a farm of any size that is all good tillable land. It would be very exceptionable except you go on the river and creek bottoms. There you can get as many acres in a tract as you may wish of the richest land the sun ever shone on and will raise the finest crops, but you must be certain that you are proof against malaria before going upon it. The owners of this land go up in the hills with their families during July and August, and in that case are perfectly safe. SUNNY SOUTH.

PENSIONS.

A Soldiers' Widow's Views on their Distribution.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I hope when this is read that I will not be mistaken for one of those "strong-minded women" who believe in "women's rights" and all that sort of trash, for I do not, but I do believe that a woman has a right to express her opinion. I have been much interested in reading the letters in the BLADE in regard to pensions. Having been a war-widow myself I can sympathize with the pensioners. I know that no amount of money from the Government can repiace or bring back the loved and the lost ones, but why murmur when we have given them for our beloved country, and now if we want to help that country, why do we try to get its money, when there are so many places where it is needed? The only thing to complain of is the unequal division of the pension money. Why give an officer or his wife so much more than the poor private's wife? The officer's wife has perhaps a good home and a good amount of property left her, while perhaps the private's wife is left with nothing but her feeble hands to care for and support a family of children. The officer was no dearer to his family than the private, and the loss is no greater in one case than in the other. One wife has given her loved one for the country, has not the other done as much? Why should one deserve more money than the other? There is Mrs. Garfield, for instance; a terrible crime was committed and deeply felt was the loss of so good and worthy a man as Mr. Garfield, and deeply will every loyal person, man or woman, sympathize with Mrs. Garfield in her loss; but has she given any more for her country than thousands of others that have never received a thought from the people of Washington? Does she need more food or clothing? Are her children any dearer? Or why is it? Is it because she has means of her own and is not really needy that she must have so much more? It is more than probable that many a woman, as good and true as she, has slaved herself to death in trying to care for her children. Look back 16 or 18 years and see the poor widow toiling for a crust of bread, for the paltry sum then allowed was scarcely enough to keep them from starving; for he could support a child on $2 a month, which was all that each child was allowed at that time! But that is past and gone; these children are grown to manhood or womanhood now, and those widows, if not dead or worried, get more now. Why complain if the pension is raised; but all should fare alike without regard to society. Let there be an equal division is my view on the subject.

A SOLDIER'S FRIEND.

KANSAS.

A Fresh Letter From the Bleeding State.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

INDEPENDANCE, Montgomery Co., Kansas, June 4, 1883.

I am a young subscriber seeking my way for a home through the prairies of Kansas. I have lived a while in all the States from Massachusetts to Minnesota, and from Minnesota to Mississippi, Louisiana with Texas thrown in, and I can say without fear of contradiction that this is the nicest County I ever saw in the States. I say "in the States" for nice as this is I have seen a nicer one across a large pond of water, in a Country over which Nasby traveled not long ago and of which he wrote and talked as only Nasby could, and for which writing and talking he deserves the thanks and admiration of true men the world over. The noble Reipath, Nasby, and Ritchardson have in my opinion done incalculable service to that country. But I am forgetting this garden of Eden. Now I see and read letters from Manitoba, where a man would freeze stone-blind in the short distance of one mile, with three or four buffalo hides thrown across his head. I advise the readers of the BLADE and those seeking homes to keep away from these terrible Countries, where their families and themselves may freeze to death in one night. I have seen a man frozen from the knees down, and not at the North Pole either. All who wish to live in a good climate with never a cyclone, tornado and hurricane should come to Kansas, where we are now enjoying our nice dinners of new potatoes, peas and lettuce, turnips and I might say all kinds of vegetables. I say come to Kansas where you will enjoy good health; a good bracing climate, good schools, good preaching and consequently good religion in case you want any. Now I did not tell you who intend coming here that there is one thing which I cannot promise you on any condition and that is good whisky, for if there is any, I never saw or tasted it. The City Fathers of Independence passed a law a few days ago allowing saloons to sell spirits of malt bitters and all other kinds of drink. Before this law passed a man could not get drunk unless he managed to get a doctor to perjure himself and then get a little poison and pay three prices for it. We are now going to turn in and become total abstainers, for we are satisfied that Prohibition will not fill the bill. I know that the BLADE is read North and South and that many of its readers would like to get a true account of some place to make a home. This is true, especially of hundreds in the East, who have means and would like to go into the country and save their children from the rum shops and contamination of city life. Next to marrying well, seeking a good home is the most critical part of a man's life. You know if a fellow gets a bad wife it is all up with him and he has a bad home anywhere. Therefore if you have a good *frau*, come and get you a home for you and her, and if you'd rather travel alone we will furnish you both wife and home, that will delight your heart. That too is a Country with no biting frosts no biting winds, and no biting musketos and other plagues such as they have too far North and too far South.

THOMAS CRAVER.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

One Hundred and Eighty-Six Children Hurried to Eternity,

And Many More Seriously Injured—Heartrending Scenes.

LONDON, June 16.—A terrible calamity involving the death of 178 children, occurred in Sunderland, County Durham, this evening. From the details received, it appears that an entertainment was given at Victoria Hall, by a conjuror, which was attended almost entirely by children, several thousand being in attendance. The accident occurred at the close of the entertainment. The body of the hall had been entirely cleared of occupants, when some 1,200 of the little ones came rushing down stairs from the galleries. At the top of the first flight of stairs was a door which opened only 20 inches, and thus but one child was permitted to pass through at a time. At this point, while the mass of children were pushing forward, one of them fell and was unable to rise, owing to the others crowding. The result was that a great number were pushed down, trampled on and suffocated.

The scare was terrible. No effort could stop the mad rush of the affrighted children. They came on pell mell, though strangely without much shouting, and soon 178 were blocked down and suffocated to death by others trampling upon them. The greater number of the bodies, which were badly mangled from trampling, laid seven or eight deep.

Many of the victims who were not killed had their clothing torn from their bodies, and this, together with the bleeding bodies of the unfortunates, shows the terrible nature of the struggles. The ages of the 178 children known to have been killed ranged from four to 14 years. The excitement in the town when news of the disaster spread, was terrific. Great crowds rushed to the scene until 20,000 persons surrounded the the hall.

The feeling was so intense that the authorities ordered out the Sixty-eighth Infantry to preserve order. The work of getting out the bodies was begun immediately and they were laid out in the hall and the parents of those killed were admitted to identify their children.

Most heartrending scenes transpired while identification was in progress. Mothers of dead children constantly uttered piercing shrieks and many fainted on discovering the dead bodies of their little ones.

LATER PARTICULARS.

LONDON, June 17.—The terrible calamity of Saturday evening is the subject of universal unhappy comment. The hall has been surrounded to-day by distressed and excited crowds. The stairway from the gallery at the top landing on which occured the pressure which led to the accident, was from five to six feet wide, and the gallery door through which the children were allowed to pass only one at a time, which circumstance is regarded as the direct cause of the calamity, was fitted with a bolt narrowing the passage way in May for the purpose of facilitating ticket taking when the audience was entering the hall.

The janitor says the scene behind the gallery door was fearful. Some of the children were fixed upright in a heap, and actually gasping for breath, so great was the pressure of the crowd behind them. The majority of the children in the hall were under 12 years of age.

When the disaster happened, the janitor and wife and several bastily summoned by-standers went to work immediately to give the sufferers relief. They first sent out of the building by other exit ways the little ones who were still in the hall, by this means averting all fears of a further crush.

Those who went to the rescue of the sufferers found the work of removing the heap of bruised, crushed and suffocated bodies no easy task. Two hundred children were rescued from the pile who were practically uninjured. Many others were found in an unconscious condition, but of these a number were restored immediately and taken to their homes. Nearly all of those who were dead, with a number whose wounds were regarded as fatal, were laid out in the main hall, where the local doctors in attendance used every effort to restore those in whom a spark of life could be detected. One eyewitness states he saw, lying on the flag stones a short distance from the bottom of the stairs, the dead bodies of several children. Many of those who came to assist in removing the living were utterly overcome by the sight of so many dead and dying children.

A number of deaths have occurred since the first report, and the fatal list is now placed at 186. One of the persons who responded immediately to the call for help, says that many who volunteered to assist in rescuing the children sickened at the spectacle and fled horrified from the distressing scene.

The rescuers' first efforts were directed towards reaching the children who were still alive, but so tightly were the victims jammed together, it was regarded as dangerous to drag them out of the helpless mass, lest the effort would result in pulling off the limbs of the living children, as well as mutilate the dead. They therefore proceeded steadily and systematically to lift off the topmost.

A few of those who were beneath had survived, and their moaning and low cries of pain could be distinctly heard amid the excitement and cries of the bereaved parents and friends who were thronging the adjacent streets.

The disaster was referred to in all the churches in Sutherland to-day, and by many of the preachers in London, and prayers were offered for the parents and friends of the victims.

The staircase from the gallery was a winding one. Both the audience and officials who were in the hall at the time of the disaster, were unaware for some considerable time of the terrible tragedy being enacted at the door. They were not informed until Graham, hall keeper, who was standing near by the scene, was attracted by the groans and gave the alarm.

Mr. Fay, who gave the entertainment, was busy packing his apparatus to depart, when a man rushed up to him and informed him of the disaster and immediately fell down speechless in a fit.

Some of the families whose homes were so suddenly darkened, lost three or more children. One man and wife pushed their way into the hall in which lay the bodies of the victims and, without betraying any emotion, began to scan the faces of the dead. Recognizing the face of one of his children, the father, pointing his finger, exclaimed "that's one." Passing on again he recognized another, and then a third. Staggering in a fit of agony, he cried, "My God! All my family gone!" and overwhelmed with grief, sank to the floor. In some homes there are five children dead.

Queen Victoria sent a telegram to the Mayor of Sunderland, expressing her grief at the disaster. The children of various surrounding schools also sent telegrams of sympathy.

Flags were at half mast. One Sunday school loses 30 scholars by the catastrophe.

Many survivors had their arms broken in the crush. Others are suffering from broken ribs or a rupture of the internal organs. Graham, hall keeper, says children not 20 yards from the door, came pressing forward unaware of the tragedy.

WHAT CAUSED THE CRUSH.

SUNDERLAND, June 18.—The excitement over the catastrophe in Victoria Hall Saturday night, by which nearly 200 children lost their lives, continues intense. Some of the children who escaped say reports were spread through the gallery at the close of the performance, that the child first out of the hall would get the prize, and consequently an eager rush for the doors. The most of the bodies of the victims will be buried together in a long trench.

ARRESTING THE PROGRESS OF CONSUMPTION AND HOLDING THE DISEASE IN CHECK.

The action of Compound Oxygen in arresting the progress of Consumption and holding the disease in check has been very marked under our Treatment. The following is one of many cases:

"WENTWORTH, N. S., July 28th, 1882.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN. *Dear Sirs:*—I have been *using Compound Oxygen about eleven months with good success. Other remedies had failed; physicians gave me no encouragement*, and seeing your advertisement I resolved to try it, but only as an experiment. When I had used it a few weeks a decided improvement was apparent. *Night sweats, vomiting after meals, raising of blood and other threatening symptoms were soon brought under control. My digestion improved; my appetite became good, indeed, my whole system seemed to undergo a change for the better* during the first three weeks. During the time that has intervened the above named symptoms have been held in check. *I am much better at the present writing than I was a year ago. It is with feelings of gratitude that I acknowledge the great and unexpected benefit derived from your Treatment.* I am not well, I do not expect to get well, as one of my lungs is considerably broken. But your Treatment, by controlling and holding in check my worst symptoms, will certainly prolong life indefinitely.

R. BIRD."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free*. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1100 and 1111 Girard St. Philadelphia.

FAT FEES.

Payments to Special Counsel and Detectives in the Star Route Cases.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The cost to the Government of the star route trials just finished will be in the neighborhood of half a million dollars. Besides special attorneys, whose fees alone amount to nearly $150,000, there were employed special agents and detectives, together with a large clerical force, while the cost of securing the attendance of witnesses was great. The following is published as the payments made to special counsel to the dates given:

Bliss—November 10, 1881		$ 2,500 00
	January 14, 1882	3,888 88
	April 13, 1882	5,427 85
	May 3, 1882	378 91
	May 31, 1882	7,436 20
	October 14, 1882	6,324 20
	October 20, 1882	5,000 00
	November 16, 1882	5,198 00
	January 24, 1884	4,471 36
	March 22, 1883	5,700 00
Total		$ 46,206 18
Brewster—November, 10, 1881		2,500 00
	January 4, 1882	3,500 00
Total		$ 4,000 00
Cook—December 23, 1881		1,699 18
	February 4, 1883	5,250 00
Total		$ 6,949 18
Gibson—February 6, 1882		5,000 00
Ker—March 13, 1882		1,000 00
	June 14, 1882	370 75
	June 16, 1882	5,000 00
	August 22, 1882	333 98
	September 18, 1882	5,000 00
	December 15, 1882	7,000 00
	December 18, 1882	342 00
	March 22, 1883	5,000 00
	May 25, 1883	5,427 00
Total		$ 27,872 48
Merrick—June 12, 1882		5,000 00
	December 15, 1882	15,000 00
	March 5, 1883	7,500 00
	April 23, 1883	5,000 00
Total		$ 32,500 00
Allan A. Pinkerton		1,347 32
Allan A. Pinkerton		1,602 32
Total		$ 2,949 64
Grand total		$125,979 48

A Fiend Lynched.

WETUMPKA, Ala., June 15.—Jordon Corbin, who murdered Ben. Gardin, and seriously wounded his wife and son, for the purpose of raping Cardin's daughter, near Rockford, Coosa County, on Monday night, was captured by citizens and put in jail Wednesday. That night he was taken from the jail by a cowd of 500 and hung. The crime was one of the most deliberate, horrible, and exaspering conceivable, Corbin staying around the house an hour. It was barricaded by the wounded wife with the bed on which lay dead her husband, shot in the head while asleep, by a gun pushed through the window. The daughter escaped to the woods in the night, and has since been found almost dead from fright, and is not expected to live. The mother and son are very seriously injured, but will recover.

New Hampshire Senators.

CONCORD, June 14.—The Republican Senatorial caucus to-night nominated E. H. Rollins for the United States Senate.

The caucus adopted a resolution that the Legislature should also choose a Senator for the long term. Henry W. Blair was elected on the first ballot. The entire Republican vote in the Legislature is 206. Rollins must obtain 70 more votes than he received in caucus, and 38 above the total number participating to insure his return. Seventy-six members absented themselves from the caucus entirely. The Democratic caucus nominated Hon. Harry Bingham, of Littleton, for Senator, and voted in opposition to the election of more than one Senator at this session.

The Mexican Way of Preventing Railroad Accidents.

GALVESTON, June 15.—News Bustamente, Mexico, special: Night before last the down train from Monterey ran over the body of a Mexican lying on the track. An armed force of Mexicans arrested and jailed all the hands of the next train that passed. Another train reached the station this morning and was side-tracked, and is not yet released. The affair will proably receive diplomatic notice. It is thought the American capitalists will use the case as a test of the Mexican law for the protection of property.

A Deaf Mute Attempts Murder and Suicide.

NOBLESVILLE, June 15.—Yesterday afternoon a deaf mute named Copper accused his sister-in-law of intimacy with the hired help, and fired three balls into her head and neck, after which he fired a shot into each of his eyes and one in his right temple. He still lives, but the chances are he will die. Mrs. Copper is not fatally injured. Copper had just been examined by a commission preparatory to sending him to an insane asylum, but was released.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A Harvest for Our Blade Agents.

Cheap Reading This Summer for Everybody.

We are about to issue to agents of the BLADE a private circular of terms for three months subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE, good for a short time only, at a remarkable low price, at the same time allowing the agent a handsome cash commission. We want 50,000 new readers this Summer to give the BLADE a trial, and at the price we shall name to our agents for securing this special number, we shall not receive returns for more than the price of white paper used in printing them. Our experience shows us that a large majority of new subscribers become permanent after an acquaintance with the BLADE, and for this reason we are quite willing to accept 50,000 readers this Summer at a nominal price.

The price we have determined upon for our special agents, and for a special time only, we do not make public in this announcement, but all agents and friends of the BLADE who can devote even one hour in raising a club for us, may simply ask us by postal for our special short time rates, and we will immediately forward instructions by return mail. Any person of good standing in any community, may act as agent. Simply ask us by postal for instructions, and we will make known to you the way in which you can take all the reading people of your Town for a short time trial of the BLADE. We will also furnish specimen copies needed in the canvass, when applied for. We shall only ask an agent to raise a club of five under this arrangement, but will accept as large a club as the agent is pleased to send, and good canvassers will find after they get to work, that from 20 to 100 names can be taken for the BLADE (at but a few cents each) in a few hours work of a single day.

Some five years ago we made a special low offer for three months, and many agents sent us clubs of over 100 names at a time, mailed the same day they received our terms. Clubs of 20 were received from communities of but that number of families. When so good a paper as the BLADE can be delivered to any family in the United States for three months for a very few cents, all who can read the English language will thank an agent for calling their attention to the matter.

Any person, old or young, can earn a nice cash commission for one day's canvass, and we want one agent in every town. It may be that we shall have to limit the number of agents, but for the present we will give all applicants authority to give the matter a trial.

As the special rate will be limited to a very short time, agents will please apply for terms at once.

The BLADE will be unusually interesting this Summer. The old-time Nasby letters, always welcome, are restored after a long absence. A new serial historical novel, written especially for the BLADE by Earnest Warren, now well-known to our readers, will soon be commenced. Other features will follow in rapid succession, making a feast of good things that will delight the most exacting.

The Civil Rights Act Declared Unconstitutional.

AUSTIN, TEX., June 15.—In the United States District Court to-day, an opinion was rendered in criminal prosecution under the civil act of Congress of March, 1875, for a penalty of $500 for excluding Laura Evans from the ladies' car on the Houston & Texas Central. Nineteen similar cases were also disposed of, and the Court held the law unconstitutional, and that the things alleged were cognizable by State tribunals only; also that the act was an infringement on the rights of the several States.

The Irish League and the Tariff.

CHICAGO, June 15.—In an interview today, Alexander Sullivan, President of the Irish National League of America, said there was no truth in the report that that body proposed to espouse the cause of a protective tariff in American politics. He asserted it would take no stand as to protection or free trade in this country as a body, and would permit none of its leaders to use it in that way. Its policy was no trade with England, protection for Ireland. He denied he has ever been in any way connected with the skirmishing fund.

A New Floating Palace.

NEW YORK, June 16.—The mammoth palace steamer Pilgrim reached Fall River Pier this evening from Newport, receiving salvos from all steamers on the East and North rivers en route. To-night 2,000 persons have visited, inspected and admired her gorgeous fittings and accommodations under the illumination of her 326 electric lights. On Monday her trial trip in these waters takes place, to which over 3,000 have accepted invitations, including many dignitaries, the press and others.

"Rex Magnus"

(THE MIGHTY KING.)

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVATIVE.

Perfect in Work, Safe and Harmless, Economical.

DOES ALL THAT IS CLAIMED.

Rex Magnus is a perfect food preservative, and the only one ever discovered by man, which embodies at the same time healthfulness, cheapness, certainty of results, and general adaptability for the wants of all mankind. This preservative is, as its name signifies, a mighty king, a royal preservative, an invincible conqueror.

The Discoverer—A Benefactor.

This field has long demanded a combination and unifying, blending and happy harmonizing of elements, agencies and forces which has been heretofore unobtained. Men have sought for it in all ages, and in all countries—and they have uniformly failed. Prof. R. F. Humiston was somewhat like Morse, Franklin, Fulton and others in their respective fields, the man and the only one, who was destined to wear the proud title of discoverer of this preparation and of a benefactor of his race.

35 DAYS TEST.

REX MAGNUS has kept Twenty-three kinds of Meats and other Food thirty-five days in a warm room (average 70°) and here is the testimony of the eminent scientific gentleman who had exclusive control of the experiment in his private laboratory, viz.: PROF. SAMUEL W. JOHNSON, OF YALE COLLEGE.

The Professor's report, dated March 7, '83, says:

"My tests of 35 days in daily mean temperature of 70°, on meats, &c., bought in open market have certainly been severe and I am satisfied that the different brands of Rex Magnus, The Humiston Food Preservative, with which I have experimented, have accomplished all claimed for them. So far as I have yet learned, they are the only preparations that are effective, and at the same time practicable, for domestic use. At the banquet on 'treated' meats at the New Haven House I could not distinguish between those which had been sixteen days in my laboratory

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXX.

CARE OF THE SKIN.

Two women were talking together, the one fair and stately, with a skin like satin making an exquisite setting for the brilliant brown eyes that changed with every varying emotion,—a woman yet beautiful, though far beyond that point where womanhood and childhood meet, a woman fresh and sweet as a dew-wet daisy, even though she had parted forever with the charm of youthful days. The other was not more than 30, with regular features, good eyes, a graceful figure, but a complexion which was already coarsening and giving her an old look long before her time.

"I do not see," she said earnestly, "how you keep your skin so smooth and fine and beautiful. Here am I, but little more than half as old as you, and I verily believe you would be taken by a stranger to be the younger, all because your complexion is so bright and rosy, while mine is coarse, muddy and rough. Tell me your secret."

"Let me ask you a few questions," the other said. "What do you bathe your face with, and how often do you do it?"

"With castile soap—the pure white—and soft water, three or four times a day, or as often as I think it needs it." was the prompt and triumphant reply. "Surely there is no fault to be found with that."

Her companion smiled.

"And how do you dry it?" she questioned further.

"With a crash towel," was the answer "I use that kind because they are rougher, and it is easier to bring the blood to the surface. Oh, I assure you I am all right there. There is no half-way work about the rubbing I give. It is systematic and thoro."

"How do you protect your face when you are out in the cold?"

"I don't protect it at all. The true way, I think, is to toughen the skin by exposure, and then it will not be affected by every variation of temperature."

"What cosmetics do you use?"

"Not a thing. Not a powder or paint—not a tint, but what Nature has placed there. So you perceive there is no reason why my skin is not soft and fine instead of growing coarse every day, as I can see for myself that it does. Now tell me, *cherie*, what you do. I cannot bear to lose all my good looks while I am so young. Even now I dread to have Harry look closely in my face in the broad light, and if it is that way so early, what will it be by and by, when I am 10 years older?"

The other looked at her in silence for a moment or two before she replied. Then she said, slowly and earnestly:

"Will you be angry when I tell you that there is not one thing which you do in regard to your skin that I do not object to; that if you go on in this way, by the time you are thirty you will look fifty, and that there is no more use in your thus spoiling your good looks, than there is of your committing suicide! You are reasonably healthy, have no eruption to disturb and mortify you, and with better and more sensible treatment your complexion should be for long years to come fine and fair, a joy for your friends to look upon. I know an old lady of 80 who has at this moment a clear, soft skin, free from blemish and with scarcely a wrinkle in it. She looks at least 20 years younger than she is. Part of this is due to her general good health, and part to the lack of abuse of her naturally fine complexion."

The younger woman was gazing with a surprised but eager face at her companion, "Go on," she said, "if I am doing all wrong, tell me what is right."

"I will, for it is a woman's duty to look as well as possible always. In the first place it is not necessary to go at your face as if it were a piece of dirty linen to be mauled and rubbed without mercy. Use a soft cloth or a fine, soft brush. A sponge is excellent, providing it is of the finest possible texture, but otherwise a cloth is much better. In fact I prefer the latter always. Then with clear rainwater, in to which you have put two or three drops of ammonia, rub briskly but *gently* over your whole face. The ammonia seems to have a penetrating power that will take off the dirt quicker than soap and is not open to the objections of the latter, which often seems to cut and coarsen the skin. But if you use soap at all be sure that it is always the purest white castile or something equally as fine and cleansing.

"Before you go to bed wash off your face with milk diluted with hot water. It is well, I think, to have the whole wash as hot as can be used whenever it is convenient. Dry the skin *always* with a soft towel, instead of the coarse one that you mentioned. What is the matter?"

"You fairly take my breath away with such a different order of things from what I thought was right. But go on."

"If you want to keep your skin soft and fine, don't, I beg of you, wash it immediately before or after going into the open air. Take my experience and your own for it, the result will be to coarsen and give you a sort of drawn and old look. Then don't try to strengthen your skin by exposure to the wind. When the air is calm and still, neither extremely cold nor hot, it will do to go without a vail, but at other times your face needs protection."

"Now, about cosmetics. I know you think I will agree with you there. Well, I do to a certain extent. A young girl like you should not need to make a practice of using them, and yet if care is taken in the choice, not to employ those which contain things which are poisonous, I do not think any harm will be done by applying them occasionally. But one precaution must be taken, *always* wash off the face carefully before retiring, or before repeating the application. A celebrated physician in New York whose specialty is skin diseases, says that in his opinion, cosmetics can be used without injury if proper cleanliness is observed. The trouble comes often from putting powder upon powder. Never do that."

"But how are we to know what kind of cosmetics are harmless?"

"I will tell you, although I do not want you to begin to use them until you have tried the care rules I have given you. Anything that contains sugar of lead is injurious, and you can always detect its presence by dropping a little ammonia into it before using. If the lead is there, the powder or liquid will turn black. So far as powder is concerned, you may know it is absolutely harmless by making it yourself. While roses and violets are in bloom, take the fresh blossoms and bury them in finely pulverized starch. Remove the withered flowers in 24 hours and substitute more, and continue to do this for a week, by which time the starch will have become full of fragrance. In the Summer it is almost impossible to do without something of this kind. It cools the skin and takes off the shiny look that so detracts from the beauty of the complexion."

"But how do you keep off wrinkles? There are a few faint lines upon your face, but one can scarcely see them."

"Lines will come with the years, if you think and feel. But I shall have to tell you what my dear old grandmother told me, and I never forgot it. I had been fretting over some trifle, and she looked at me through her glasses in her odd way. 'Child,' she said, 'don't get into a pucker about nothing. It helps to make a wrinkle.' And it is true. More women make lines in their faces by useless fret and worry than seems possible. It is as necessary for your beauty that you look on the bright side of life as for your health and happiness. But there are some thing which help to keep the smoothness of the skin. The bath in hot milk at bed-time is one. And I have known persons to use a wash made of one fluid ounce of gum benzoin put into seven ounces of distilled rose water and half an ounce of glycerine added, with excellent effect. They bathe the face, neck and hands with it on going to bed, and let it dry on, then wash it off in the morning with a little soft water and pure white castile soap. Be sure never to use hard water on your face. If there is no other way soften it with a little powdered borax or a few drops of ammonia.

"Now I have told you all my secrets about preserving a good complexion as long as you live. Of course, if one has poor health, impaired digestion and circulation disordered, there cannot be a fair, pure skin. But you have none of these. Youth and health are yours and so if you choose to follow the few simple rules I have given, you can be possessed of the beauty a pretty complexion gives."

Her companion had listened eagerly to every word she had uttered, and when she ceased drew a long breath of relief.

"If that is all," she said, "you may be sure that it will not be long before this muddy face will be transformed. I shall follow out your directions religiously."

And she kept her word with the desired result of growing fairer and sweeter to look upon every day.

Fancy Work and House Decorations.

Skeleton Leaves.—As June and July are the best months for gathering leaves for skeletonizing, a description of the process may be welcome. Select those which are free from blemishes of all kinds. Hold them up to the light and you can easily discover any defects. One way of removing the fleshy part is to put them into a vessel of rain water and let them stand in the full sunlight in the open air. They need to be kept well covered with water. In about two weeks some of them will be found soft, the pulpy part having commenced decomposing. Take these out by slipping a card or piece of glass under them so that they will not break. Pass a soft brush over the surface by which the pulp will be removed. Then pour water gently over it to carry off the little particles that may stick to the veins. Slip the leaf into the water again, turn it over and clean the other side in the same way. Then they are ready to bleach. Dissolve a teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a pint of water, to which add a few grs. of citric acid, then pour off the clear liquid and immerse the leaves for a day or two, putting them into a covered glass dish, and keeping them in a dark closet. After bleaching put them in clear cool water for a day, then float each one off upon a card and gently dry it with a soft piece of linen. Put them between some sheets of clean white paper and press them until thoroly dry, then they are ready to be arranged. When you want to remove them from the card where they have been pressed use the greatest care, lifting the edges carefully with the point of a knife.

Applique Work.—Some one wishes me to describe applique designs, also give the average price and tell where they can be got, and would they be nice for a felt table cover.

Applique designs are simply felt, cut in the natural shape of all kinds of flowers, fruit leaves, etc., then pasted with mucilage onto a paper two inches larger all around than the flowers, fruit, or whatever it happens to be. They are stamped with a different color, say green leaves stamped with white, so you will know right where to work them. The sprays in the leaves are all stamped. So you will have no trouble. When you get them be sure to cut the paper all off close to the flowers or leaves, then tack with a thread upon the article you wish to decorate in the center to keep them where they belong. Buttonhole stitch all around the edges with embroidery silk and work the sprays in the leaves fine over and over, taking only through the felt a little, for you can also take stitches clear through you can not take fine stitches, but in buttonholing around the edge take clear through. You can obtain these designs at any dry goods store or fancy notions store. The price varies from five to 25 cents here. I have a 15-cent one on my piano-stool cover, also for my sofa pillow. It consists of five large leaves, two full blooming callas and two buds, making quite a bunch of flowers. Just what you want for a table cover is a large applique design, about a 20 or 25 cent one would be nice for the center and have five or 10 cent ones in the corners. You could find nothing nicer. They also make beautiful scarf stand spreads.—JENNIE LIND.

DIAMOND LACE.—Cast on 14 stitches. Knit across plain. First row—Sl 1—k 4—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—k 1 plain; 2d row—k back plain; 3rd row—sl 1—k 5—same as first row; 4th row—plain; 5th row—sl 1—k 6—same as first; 6th row—plain, 7th row—sl 1—k 7—finish as first; 8th row—plain; 9th row—sl 1—k 8—finish as first; 10th row—plain: 11th row—sl 1—k 9—finish as first; 12th—bind off all but 13 stitches on the left hand needle, knit those plain. "Daisy's" explanations answer for mine—M. A. PRICE, Barnesville, O.

BABY'S CAP.—I would like to tell the lady that wished to know how to make a covering for her baby's head, how I intend to make one for my baby of the same age. I bought one-half yard of paper cambric (white), one-half yard bobbinet, two yards of lace of fine quality and pretty design, about two and a half inches wide. Now if one is accustomed to shaping a baby's hood they can easily shape this. Make the crown piece large enough to reach nearly enough the front, so it will need only a piece about two inches wide to make it large enough. The crown will need a few small plaits across the top of the head. Cut so as to have the sides plain, a few small plaits at the back. Make the front piece to reach all the way round. This that I have described is to be made of the paper cambric double. Next put on the bobbinet. Put it on with a box-plait up the back with two side plaits, or most any way you like. Plait the lace all around the front piece in small box-plaits. Finish with pink or blue bows, I hope I have made this plain.—Box 10, Iowa.

Correspondence.

GIVE AND TAKE.

Don't ever go hunting for pleasures,
They cannot be found thus, I know;
Nor yet fall a digging for treasures,
Unless with the spade and the hoe.

The bee has to hunt for the honey,
The drone has no right to the food;
And he who has not earned his money
Will get from his money no good.

The ant builds her house by her labor
The squirrel looks out for his mast;
And he who depends on his neighbor,
Will never have friends first or last.

In short, 'tis no better than thieving,
Though thief is a hard name to call;
Good things to be always receiving,
And never to give back at all.

—INEZ.

LITTLE THINGS.—I have been listening to the discussions in the HOUSEHOLD on various subjects year after year. Allow me to criticise just a little your talking so long on one subject. Remember, if a recipe fails, the failure is on your part. I told a friend of mine how to make a nice pudding my way; she said it was not as good as mine. I went to her kitchen and showed her how to make it, and now she can make one just like mine. I tried that good sister's way of washing. It was not a perfect success, but I don't condemn it. A neighbor of mine said she had tried it a long time ago, and it was a good way, if you did it right.

I wish to say something about goiter. My grandfather and one son and several of his daughters had it, my sister and myself have one, and my son, 16 years old, has quite a large one. I used iodine when I was quite young. I was told by different physicians that it was dangerous to use, and I think it did me more harm than good. I would not use it again. I have tried cold water dip, and I find it beneficial. Bathe the throat with a downward motion. My throat is in a better condition than it was 30 years ago. Iodine is good for removing corns and warts.—MRS. E. SMITH.

MY HOME.—I am going to tell you how I have ornamented my lawn and yard, as I have just got things fixed to my notion. I have been keeping house only two years, and it takes time to get everything in order. My house is a one-story double cottage facing the east, also the main road, and about 50 yards from the house is a small stream, flowing southwest. South of this branch is our orchard; north of it is the main lawn of trees, shrubs, flowers, and Summer-house, with climbing roses nearly in bloom. I have two rustic seats in the Summer-house, also a rustic stand for laying papers, books, etc. My trees are elm and maple, with two hickory and one walnut. My paths are dug down two inches and filled with small pebble rocks. The rest is covered with blue grass, with a flower-bed occasionally. On the east of the house I have only low shrubs, cedars trimmed low, and flower-beds. On the north side I have a few cedar and chestnut trees, and a place to set out a game of lawn tennis or a croquet set. On the west side are a few elm trees, for a shade on the house and porch. Back of that is my garden. This is surrounded with trees on all sides excepting the south, and east the ground all rolls to the south; and east of the branch I had all the large, ugly rocks taken away and small, nice ones used instead. For my flowers I have only those that sow their own seed, such as verbenas, dianthus, petunias, phlox, balsams, etc., and I have four rose bushes in my east yard, two moss-roses that are too pretty for anything. I also have dahlia, dicentra, honeysuckles, and begonia. Has anyone saved the new dahlia, the cactus dahlia—it is very lovely. But I must not write any more just now. If anyone would like, I will come again and tell you about my house plants and fancy work.—INEZ.

CURE FOR MORPHINE HABIT.—Seeing so many inquiries in the papers for a cure for those who have formed the habit of taking opium, I send you the following, which I know, if faithfully adhered to, will in every case prove successful: Take 50 to 100 doses of morphine, according to the length and strength of the habit. Be sure and take enough to begin with. Put the morphine in a bottle, and add as many teaspoonfuls or tablespoonfuls of water, as there are doses of morphine. Be particular in your measurements. At your usual time, take a dose, and, never at any other time, or oftener than usual, take any. If you have not self-denial enough to conform strictly to these rules, you had better increase the dose and done with it. Always take doses from the bottle. Every time you take out a dose, add the same amount of water to the bottle. The idea is, that the amount of morphia is so slightly diminished that the system will not detect the difference, but will gradually become accustomed to the lessened amount, until it can be left off entirely. I know all about your vagaries, and just how unreasonable you are, when deprived of the stimulant, and caution you again, that if you do not intend to adhere strictly to these rules, do not commence it. An over-indulgence, and you will fail. Would like you to let me know how you succeed.—DR. G. A. H., Geneva, Fla.

ABOUT CANARIES.—Seeing so many inquiries in regard to raising and caring for canaries I thought I would give you my way.

To raise healthy birds select those not related, and if possible cross canaries and linnets. This will make a better strain in health and singing. I have one pair, the male is of the linnet strain, while the female is canary, pure yellow, with crested head. The male is now taking care of their young, only three females; the old bird only laid three eggs, which brought out splendid birds. I have six old birds.

Now in regard to hatching. I always put those you want to set in what is called the hatching cage. It will give them ample room for exercise, which they need; do not confine them in round cages, for they will never do any good. See that they have plenty of fresh and clean water, and seed cups. Clean the cage daily except after they begin to lay. Don't hang your birds in a draft or current of air. This is unhealthy, and don't put young birds out in the sun before they are full feathered. This will injure them and they will soon die. Always, by all means, keep a dish of cayenne pepper in for them to pick. If you can get the common red pepper pods, it will answer, altho cayenne is the best. Once a week sprinkle salt in their food. Give them cuttle fish, and instead of paper in the cage put sand. They will eat more or less paper, and it will poison them and they may die from it.

Feed them only with pure herap, mixed with rape seed. Give the young birds hard boiled eggs chopped fine with oyster crackers. Never feed them with any sweets. After they begin to set don't give them their bath, as it will disturb the eggs. Make a small sack or bag and fill with sulphur, and hang at the top of cage. This will prevent the mites from troubling them. Take the birds out of the cage and scald it thoroly once a week. Keep the young birds with the old ones as long as they will feed them. They will teach the little ones to eat for themselves. My female is setting again and the male takes care of the young. I make fresh food three times a day for them. Beside the seed and fresh water, lettuce, tongue grass and yard plantain is the best green food. "Nettie," try, and let me hear from you.

MRS. N. H. Wilkins, Lake City, Ia.—Your old birds don't feed the young ones. Don't give them milk. Try as above.

MRS. L. A. L. Gale.—Examine your bird's toe. It may be sore or have red mites. They are very hard to see. Place a strip of cotton flannel at top of the cage over night. The mites will leave the bird and go on the flannel and you can see them plain enough. Burn the flannel and repeat. Sprinkle sulphur in the cage and hang as described above.

MRS. or MISS A. W. B.—Your bird has mites. Rub very little sulphur on his head and under the wings, but not too much as that will make him sick.

Let me say to "Buttermilk" that turpentine will drive ants away.

Those who try my way of treating birds will please let me hear from them how they succeed.—MRS. BELLE S. HILDEBRAND, Kossuth, Ia., P. O. Box 27.

FROM "ALWAYS BUSY."—I would like to ask "A Reader" what there is about my way of washing to wear the clothes out any more, or for that matter, as much as rubbing each piece separately for 10 minutes on a wash board. I do not know of a better way than that to wear them out. But even if it did wear them out a little faster than the old way, I should continue to use it, for I consider myself of as much importance as my clothes, and I want to wear as long as my clothes do, for I don't suppose they would fit "Number Two" any way, and I should hate to look down (or up) and see the clothes that I had worn myself out (over the wash tub) to save, being used for a mop, or tucked away in some corner for the mice to make nests in. Never having had a great deal of strength, I have always been very ready to try any way that promised to make hard work easier, and to do it in the shortest time possible, for I do not like to do hard work all day, even if I could, and could not if I would. "Happy Thought," as you like my way of washing, I will give you my way of "doing up" shirts. Make the starch with warm water, instead of boiling or cold, dip the bosoms, when thoroly dry, and roll up for an hour or two; rub off with a damp cloth. Oh, not having your iron too hot, and do not put a cloth over the bosom while ironing. This is much quicker and easier than the old way.

What do the members of the HOUSEHOLD think of gymnastics for a person who has the regular work of a house to do? I think it is taxing muscles which are already overtaxed. I do not believe our editor meant them for such ones, when she wrote that chapter.

Will some one please give directions for knitting lambrequins—what to knit them of, what kind of needles, etc? I have a dictionary of stitches for knitting, which I took from the BLADE, but shall not trouble the editor with it, for you can all get it by sending for a book of knitting patterns, and if you don't want to take that trouble, why don't.—ALWAYS BUSY.

THOROUGHBRED.—Speaking of tight shoes, I believe it to be one of the greatest inhumanities we can put upon ourselves, and that more serious ills befall the human structure from this cause than ever resulted from the use of the corset. Of course there are foolish minded people who imagine a wasp waist the perfection of beauty, having no consideration for their comfort or health. If one would stop to consider how necessary a perfect circulation is to the physical system they would see the injuries which would necessarily result from having the feet tightly bound with a hundred and fifty pound pressure—more or less—constantly upon them.

It is no wonder women's health give out when their duties compel them to be upon their feet the greater part of the time. I remember a woman who came to wash for me, her feet clad in the tiniest shoes, and every step an agony, and then to think of the active labor in which she was engaged, and the rapidity with which blood must circulate through the system, and the feet prove innocent victims of a weak and foolish will, fettered and bound to impede, almost completely, the circulation of the blood, which of course, must send an over supply to some other part of the system—this occurring repeatedly must result in bringing disease to some of the organs of this delicate machine.—"L."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.—Girls are always asking what will remove sunburn. We think prevention is better than cure. To prevent tan do not wash just before going out. It is the freshly-washed face that sunburns quickest. Of course you will wash your face mornings, as usual, but let the good wash in hot water with soap, ammonia, borax, soda, or any of these detersives, be at night before going to bed, then wash as usual in the morning, but with hot water. If I washed before starting to church, with soap or soda, my face would shine like a brass kettle before night. A moderate degree of sunburn is good, it gives one a glowing, healthy color. Now try our plan, girls.

We had corn planters come yesterday, and we were out of bread. "Were we scared?" Not a bit of it. We could see the way out, and we want to tell other women how. We started a good hot fire, greased a couple of bread pans, put four heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder into two quarts of flour, sifted it well together, stirred in sweet milk, with a taste of salt, until we made a thick batter, poured it into the two pans and put it to bake immediately. It puffed it nice and light, and in less than one hour we had two choice, light, sweet loaves lying on a paper on the cellar floor, cooling for supper. It was delicious bread, so sweet and moist and bread-y, and with canned fruit, cottage cheese, cold boiled beef, cream puffs, hard yellow butter, raspberry jelly and tea, the hands had a nice supper.

We women who do not live near a bakery or meat market, have to manage sharp sometimes, how sharply I will tell you the next time.—WELL DONE.

OUR BABIES.—Children should receive the personal attention of the mother and not be left to the care of a small nurse girl. In nine cases out of 10, deformed children become so from accident. It has been remarked that children reared in the City are more given to deformity than those living in the country. The reason generally applied is, that farmers' wives is, as a rule care for their own children, while the mothers of city children, employ small girls at a much smaller allowance, and expect these children to give the infant the attention and care which a mother ought to give.

Alas, how often poor baby gets a fall which ends in a crooked back, or perhaps makes it a wee puny dwarf. How can women spend their time in parties and calls and, perhaps, not give their children a thought in 24 hours! What more lovely sight than a fond mother with her baby in her arms, giving it the care which God intended? Mothers think what you are doing when you deprive yourself of the companionship of your offspring, and leave them to the mercy of careless and often vicious nurses. How can you expect a menial to teach your children the lessons of love and truth which she perhaps has never been taught? The sooner that wives learn the necessity of caring for and rearing their own children, the happier, healthier and better they will be.—EMMA LOEB.

MORE OF CHICKEN RAISING, (2).—Now, I will give you my plan, and you will see that a few coops will answer. Set your hens so that two will hatch at the same time, and give the quietest hen all the chicks hatched by both. In one of these coops one hen to 25 or 30 chicks is sufficient. Let the hen stay with the chicks four or five weeks, and then take her from the coop and let her go to laying. Let the chicks roost in the box until they are large enough to roost on a perch, and then transfer them to a house for that purpose, but do not put them with the old chickens. Keep them well sheltered and secure from rats and minks. Thus your March batch is out of the way in May, April batch in June, while your May hatch goes into coops from which you have transferred your March hatch, and so on. In this way one coop answers for from 50 to 75 chicks during the season.

To satisfy the skeptical as to profits, I will say that many years ago, when at my father's, I prepared nests, coops, etc., and told my mother (an aged and invalid woman) that she might raise all the chickens she wanted to, and I would market them for her. In a little over five months she had a net product of over $175, or had sold in eggs and chickens over $300, and had a much larger stock on hand than when she commenced. This one old, feeble woman did, and what young woman or boy on the farm cannot learn to take care of chickens, if only helped to a few nests and coops? But let me warn you against overstocking. One person can, without much expense, handle about so many chickens, and to a profit. I have known several to lose not only a Summer's work, but sink hundreds of dollars by overreaching their experience and capacity. Just now our people have the incubator mania, but you have no use for one, and to try one is to rue it. I can, from March to September, hatch and raise 1,000 chickens with 25 good hens. But to get this result I must have good, well-broken brood hens. There! now you will laugh at the idea of "breaking" a hen, but I break every hen before she gets eggs to sit on, and I will tell you in my next how to "set a hen," for only yesterday a man 60 years old informed me that he had put a whole setting of eggs, bought of me, and on inquiry of him I found that he did not know how to "set a hen." One word further of caution, be careful to not try to breed every kind you hear of, two breeds are enough to have on the farm, but you must have to make the most money, for two best layers are non-sitters, and any hen with non-sitting blood in her is hard to handle as a mother. I do handle half Leghorn, but do not recommend any one less patient than myself to try it.—W. M. EKEY.

Inquiries.

Would you be kind enough to give me the address of some manufacturing company who manufacture small engines for the purpose of running sewing machines, gig-saws, etc., on a small scale?—L. B. W.

Write to some manufacturing paper for such information. We can not do free advertising of that kind.—ED.

Will some good cook give me her way of making float? It always curdles with me.—KITTIE.

Will some one give me directions for making a "marriage bell?" Is the foundation cut from pasteboard? How are the flowers fastened on?—FRIENDS.

Will some one send the language of stamps?—J. W. Z.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me what will cure gapes in chickens?—WEAVER.

Will Miss Rossiter tell me what to do with my silkworm seed as soon as hatched? My variety are "Annuals," which Prof. Riley says are in little danger of hatching before December, but last Summer mine nearly all hatched before September. I was not expecting them to make their appearance quite so early, consequently they all starved. Will some one immediately and explicitly explain "double treble stitch" in crochet? Now I understand perfectly a "treble" and "long treble," but a "double treble" is trebly obscure.—MRS. ANNIE GREENLY, Fairbury, Ill.

1. Are MSS. sent as first, second or third-class matter? 2. How much would it cost to send MSS. that cover 10 or 12 pages of foolscap paper? 3. When writing for the press is the author required to point off his articles, or can he leave the whole punctuation for the parties sent to? Please tell me all about it, as I am a young amateur. 4. Please tell me the best way for a poor young girl to obtain a fine literary education, what works should be read, etc?—AMATEUR LITTERATEUR.

1. Manuscripts are now sent as first class matter, unless accompanied with proof-sheets.

2. Just as much as a letter of the same weight.

3. Punctuate your own matter, always.

3. Get someone to examine you as to attainments, then take up a course of study according to your needs. It would help you very much to join the Chautauqua Reading Circle.—ED.

Will someone of the HOUSEHOLD send embroidery pattern for basque, also for collar on white silk?—SISTER KATE.

It is impossible to describe such patterns in the BLADE. They need illustrations.—ED.

Will someone who has had experience give me a few hints on raising ducks? Will somebody send me a recipe for making liquor pickles? How much liquor must there be to a barrel of cucumbers, and what kind is best? How must one proceed?—GERTRUDE H.

My hair is growing gray quite rapidly without any apparent cause. It commenced changing two or three years ago. I am now 30, and everything I have tried has failed to check it. Do you know of anything that will prevent it from growing gray so rapidly, and if not, is there a simple dye that I could use that would not be injurious? A friend of mine is troubled with falling of the hair, and he, too, would be glad to know if there is a remedy.—CALLIE.

Read the "Health and Beauty" article in regard to the hair. It is very difficult to give advice for a special case, as temperament, circumstances, etc., affect such things largely. Follow out the directions given there, however, and you will doubtless be benefited.—ED.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD publish a good reliable recipe for orange cake?—MRS. G. P. BALDWIN, Hopkins, Allegan Co., Mich.

Please ask Mrs. M. Ida Smith to explain her knitting pattern that she gave us May 3. I suppose it is easy enough for her and some others, but I am a new beginner, and I fail to understand what to do with all the stitches. She says cast on 12, and only tells what to do with a part of them.—PUZZLED.

Answers to Inquiries.

Allow me to thank "F. H. P." for her plan of washing, which we successfully tried, but we use a washing fluid containing ammonia and borax, besides other chemicals. If any one wishes, I will send a recipe for making this fluid, which saves a great amount of labor and is not injurious to the clothes. Thanks to "Farmer's Wife" for her cheese recipe, which was a success.—FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"Experience," I have tried your way of making salt-risings and think it excellent; had splendid bread. I think it raises quicker. The "steamed pudding" also I have tried and think it can't be beaten.—MRS. A. R. S.

I steam rice, oatmeal and custard, and find them much nicer than cooking on the stove and burning to the dish. Just put rice or oatmeal in a basin of water and put in the steamer over a kettle, stirring once in a while, and you will not go to boiling it again.—CHARLOTTE B., Almont, Mich.

A beautiful green can be colored with yellow oak bark and alum. Dip in bluing very strong and a little warm.—F. L. LEE.

Tell "Young Bridget" that if she uses nothing but earthen to stir her cake in, she will find it an improvement in its color. Baking too long will make it yellow.—MRS. C. H. FLINT.

If "Retta" will take coarse brown paper, boil till it will mash to a pulp, then add wheat flour, first mixed in cold water, and boil until very thick; she will have something that will hold shells on wood. After the shells are on and dry use two coats of varnish.—MRS. E. A. STECK, Manhattan, Kan.

FOR WASP STING.—Immerse the part immediately in water, prepare a batter of water and common clay and apply copiously, changing the application frequently. In my youthful fights with wasps, hornets and yellow jackets, and robbing bumble-bees' nests, I never failed to find relief from this application, and the remedy is always at hand. In the absence of water, spittle will do, though not so well, on account of the small supply. I have known of one or two instances in which the clay poultice was applied with success to the bite of a viper. In one case an uncle of mine was bitten by a copperhead on the ankle, and my father at once dug a hole in the bottom of a spring run, and buried the part in the mud, and no ill effect followed.—C.

I send a few selections for an autograph album, as I see several have asked for some: Perchance no storied urn your fame may tell,

No splendid monument to you be raised;
But in the hearts of those who knew you well,
Your fame shall live, your greatest, noblest praise.

Another is:

"Man trusts in God—He is eternal.
Woman trusts in man—he is shifting sand.

So Minnie:

Love, no man—not even any one's brother:
But if we girls must love, let's love one another."

Oh! many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark, the archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.

Drop one pearl in memory's casket for—

Like as a plank of driftwood,
Tossed on the watery main;
Another plank encounters,
Meets, touches, parts again;
Thus it is with us forever,
On life's unresting sea,
We meet, and greet, and sever,
Drifting eternally.

—POCAHONTAS.

For Dropsy.—Take seeds from burdock burrs. To 1 teaspoonful of seeds add 1 pt. of new milk; boil together, and when cold drink a teacupful three times a day before eating. I think it will have the desired effect in early stages of dropsy. To save you from having sore hands gather only those burrs that are ripe and by threshing them on a paper they will fall out nicely.—LYLE.

"Retta," here is a recipe for fastening shells on wood. First give your wood two good coats of shellac, and then let a small quantity of the same varnish stand in an open vessel until it becomes rather thick. Use this for fastening on the shells.

"T. Boy," mamma tried your recipe for "soft gingerbread," and I tried a piece of the cake, thinking it splendid.

"Laura King" and "Invalid Daisy," we were successful with your pattern for knitted laces and both are thought very pretty.—J. E. D.

I would advise "Em S. Earl" to tack into her dress, under the arms, two thicknesses of white fulled flannel. She will find no better protection from perspiration. A square four or five inches, tacking the bias center to the seam, one corner front and back, another tacked inside the sleeve, the other down to the waist lining. A larger square will save the dress better if one perspires freely.

If ladies who do not always wear high necked vests, or corset covers, will line the necks of their silk or wool dresses with old muslin, white is best, they will find it a great saving by thus keeping them neat and clean. These linings only being basted in, can be as often changed as they get soiled.

To the inquirer who wishes to know what to do with a quilt that is only soiled at the head, I would say, "An ounce of preventative is worth a pound of cure." If she will face with old or new calico all her quilts at the head, she will save them from getting soiled or worn out, as they must be by use. These facings can be taken off and washed, and basted back on again very easily. Try it, all you sisters, and see what a saving it is to your bedding.—GRANDMOTHER.

"Willy's Ma" asks what will produce flesh on her little boy's leg? From what she says, I think he is very much like my own little boy, perhaps worse. My child was very sick when about 18 months old, at which time he was partially paralyzed, although we did not know that he had ever had any thing like it. Last September I took him to Philadelphia, to the National Surgical Institute. I remained there until last month and he was greatly benefited. I think it paid me well to stay. The doctors had contracted but they were drawn out through mechanical appliances and electricity. There are four institutes in the United States on that plan, the one I mentioned, one at Indianapolis, one at San Francisco and one at Atlanta. The Doctors had always told me, like the lady, that he would outgrow it, but I found out the contrary. He is now 4½ years old.—JENNIE S. FOWLER, Willow Springs, Pa.

If "Grandmother" will chew up and swallow three or more grains of yellow corn, it will relieve heartburn.

"Angel," tear out two leaves, leaving one; dilute your paste quite thin, and use it cold. Then your book will not look wrinkled.—M. A. PRICE.

Mrs. S. D. Snow wants to know how to cook rice. My way is to put enough water into a stewpot to boil half an hour; wash the rice, and put it into a small tin vessel with a cover to it; set the tin vessel into the stewpot, and cover. Put plenty of soft water in the rice.—MARINDA STEWART, Gardspoint, Wabash County, Ill.

Recipes.

Hickorynut Drop Cake.—Whites of six eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; add 1 lb. rolled sugar, 1 cup hickorynut kernels, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, with flour to stiffen so as to drop. Drop by spoonfuls on a buttered tin and bake with quick fire.

Cocoanut Caramels.—Two cupfuls grated cocoanut, 1 cupful sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, the whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff; bake on a buttered paper, with quick fire.—PEARL, Box 266, Caro, Mich.

Honey Syrup.—Six lbs. sugar, 3 lbs. water. Boil three minutes and add ¼ oz. of alum. Boil two minutes, stirring briskly; when partly cold add 1 lb. strained honey. You can omit the alum if you wish.

Omelet.—Six eggs, 6 tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; beat together and season with salt and pepper. Have your frying pan hot, and put in butter enough to grease it well. Pour in half the mixture and let cook as you would a pancake, but instead of turning begin at the side nearest you, raise up the edges with your spoon and turning (as little as possible at first) from you, then rolling it on over and over. Tip it out on a warm platter and fry the remainder.

Fruitcake.—Seed and chop 2 lbs. raisins, 2 lbs. dried currants, both dredged with flour, 1 lb. citron, cut in little slips. Beat 1 doz. eggs perfectly; stir in 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. flour, 5 teacupfuls sugar, 2 wineglassfuls brandy, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 tablespoonful powdered cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Stir in the raisins and currants last. Put in the citron in layers. Bake several hours. One-half of this makes a nice sized cake, which will keep a long time.—MRS. ANNIE STEWART, Harrisburg, Mo.

Cooking Rice.—If you have a little rice left after a meal, beat it with an egg, a little flour, milk and salt, and fry (a tablespoonful in a place) like batter-cakes, and you will have a nice dish for breakfast. If you use sour milk put in a little soda; if sweet milk is used, a little baking powder.—L.

A Sponge Cake.—This, if managed right is very good. Three eggs, 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful boiling water, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour to make a thin batter. Flavor with lemon. Beat the whites and yolks separately. I am 10 years old.—MINNIE M. MULTZ, Van Wert, O.

Fried Bread.—Beat one egg with ¼ pint milk. If the bread is sour add ½ teaspoonful soda. Dip the bread in the mixture and fry in hot lard. It will brown very quickly, and the milk and egg keep the bread from absorbing the grease.—A SUBSCRIBER.

To Take the Film of a Horse's Eye.—Fill a small bottle with pure strained honey, and cork it. Mix up some cornmeal dough, and place the bottle of honey in the center of the none and bake till the bread is done. A small quantity put in the horse's eye two or three times a day will soon take the film off.—W. C. GASTON, Stafford, Kan.

To Cleanse the Blood.—Roast egg-shell till it will pulverize, then powder and give one teaspoonful three times a day.—MAY, Butler, Ind.

Cure for the Dropsy.—Take worm wood and burn to ashes in an oven, then put the ashes in French brandy and shake before using. Take 1 tablespoonful three times a day before eating. One quart will be sufficient by putting plenty of ashes in it.—F. L. LEE, New Plymouth.

To Cure Corns.—Take green peach leaves, pound them soft in a muslin rag and bind on the corn for 24 hours. Repeat if necessary.

To Cure Surface Corns.—Paint every day with iodine, which will raise it to the surface. Then take emery paper every day and scour it off. Repeat this a few days and it will draw the root to the top when you can pick it out.—NAIL CITY, Wheeling, W. Va.

A Cure for Blind Staggers—First rub the bridle bit with assafetida, and then with a piece of new muslin. Sew it firmly on and put the horse to work. I know it to be a sure cure by experience. Reduce the horse's feed.—MAY, Cutler, Carrol Co., Ind.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The world lives on hope. A poet has written: "Some day I shall be dead."—*New Orleans Picayune,*

A New York policeman has delirium tremens. Before the fact was discovered he had made several important arrests.—*Lowell Citizen.*

It's easy enough for Dr. Talmadge to tell us to look on the bright side of things, but when a man wants to look at the eclipse, then what?—*Hawkeye.*

"*Food and Health*" prints an article entitled: "The Use of Spices," but it doesn't say a solitary syllable about the clove between the acts."—*Puck.*

A quack doctor got $25 out of a Rhode Island man for a goose egg. We should imagine that a goose egg would look very large in Rhode Island.—*Boston Post.*

What our artist has to put up with. Old Friend (with unnecessary surprise and effusion)—"What, sold your picture! No! You don't mean to say so!"—*London Punch.*

A legless man writes to us to find out what work he is fitted for. We are ready for him. Let him apply for a situation as bank cashier. He will enjoy the confidence of the public.—*Puck.*

It is said that when Bob Ingersoll concluded his speech the 12 Star Route jurymen were in tears. They evidently hate to think of giving up a job they expected would last all Summer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

One hundred million tons of water pass over Niagara Falls every hour. This seems like a lamentable waste, but until a water meter is attached to the cataract there is no possible way to

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc., etc Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Our Openings.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

There is wealth in a few acres of the despised, apparently sterile soil, lying southwest of Toledo. Wherever the cranberry has been tried it has yielded a cash value far greater than any field of corn of the same acres in any part of the world.

It is not of this crop that I now wish to speak, but rather of common crops adapted to this soil, and of the proper method of farming it. The proper method and the common method are quite at variance.

I have seen about 100 bushels of corn taken from an acre in one season, as large a crop of oats or potatoes as ever I saw grow anywhere else, as heavy clover as we see anywhere, and as good wheat—when we consider the labor and not so much the quantity of land. Now can it be that the land is spotted over with small patches of fertile soil? This is hardly possible. With a County road between two farms we notice one owner is getting rich, while the other is spoiling his land and wearing himself out.

The nature of the soil must be understood. Does it lack? Are the elements necessary to plant growth wasting away? This is important.

We are told "The Openings are getting better every year." This is true. Since the annual fires ceased to kill vegetation the soil is growing better. It is the root that is now holding the elements to the surface and if any farmer is silly enough to cultivate his land in a succession of corn and wheat crops until the fiber is rotted and gone, he need not ask whether the land leaches; it will know the facts soon enough.

The fine roots originally in the soil cannot last forever; but before they disappear the clover roots should take their place. It is better to feed new ground and let it remain in grass three or four years. It is difficult to mow, but it is better than bearing the expense of bringing up worn out land. When the farmer breaks up new ground, he should put clover on high ground and red-top on low or moist ground.

The highest ground, known as "poor openings," can be kept beautiful by keeping on clover three years out of five. Then if fertilizers are used the same as on other land, the soil will remain just as productive. But right here we see the inexcusable stupidity of the average farmer. He says: "I will clover the land as soon as I get it subdued," and then he runs it with more labor than would take to make the ground valuable. "Backsetting," digging among roots, extra dragging and hoeing will produce an indifferent crop of corn which is sold for money to buy hay, which is hauled from a distance. Better work out for the lowest wages offered, in order to buy hay for the first year or two.

Grub your land, break it up, sow buckwheat and seed. Take off the hay for two years, pasture one year, put on corn the next year to be followed by wheat. If your land is broken late in the season raise a crop of rye or wheat instead of buckwheat and seed the next Spring.

Even with a reasonable quantity of manure our openings land can be worn out in seven or eight crops of corn in succession.

After this, it is hard to bring up. The most successful experiment I have seen is sowing clover and what is called plaster.

It may not be positively certain every year, or any year; if you fail once "try again."

A poor, industrious man may get himself a good home on the Openings. Many men are well to do who started with a farm of wild land and had no team. They exchanged their labor for team work; clearing a few acres each year until they were able to buy a team. This is hard work but not harder than City life generally.

In this connection it is proper to say that tile draining is just as profitable or more so than on clay. Cold, wet soil only fit for red top can be made into good wheat ground.—FARMER.

Correction—Cure for Cribbing.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In my article on sweet potato culture, in the BLADE of June 7, the types made me say "I have used no glass or hot-beds for years." It should read, "I have used no glass or hot-beds," etc. It would be useless to try to raise sweet potato plants early without artificial heat under them, as the cold condition of the ground and the frequent changes in the weather during April, would cause the potatos to rot before the sprouts were started.

I notice in the same issue an inquiry from a reader how to cure a horse of the habit of cribbing. The only way I know of is to keep a bottle of beef gall in the stable and rub a little on the edges of the manger, and wherever he can get hold with his teeth, every day or two, and my word for it he will let it alone "severely" as long as the application is kept up. When away from home with your horse take a vial of the liquid along and touch the top of the post where you hitch with a little of it.

This course, if persevered in for a few months, is said to be an infallible cure. The galls may always be obtained at butchers' slaughter-houses.—T. G. BROSIUS, Tiffin, O.

Poultry on a Large Scale.

There are many persons of moderate means who have had perhaps some little experience with breeding poultry, and who get to wondering if it will pay to breed poultry on a large scale; whether it will pay to embark in the breeding of poultry for market as a business, and if it is good policy to give up a fair paying clerkship or small business to engage in it. Such questions are very difficult to determine to the satisfaction of all persons concerned, for much more really depends on the person than on the business in nearly every department of human industry, and where one person may make a success of any undertaking another one may fail, though having started with equally as good chances of success. Poultry, to be successful on a large scale, must be kept in small colonies of about 50 birds each, for many more than that number in a single house is apt to cause sickness or disease, ere long, among them. Small flocks like that can be given better attention than larger ones, and the first approach of disorder can be seen readily and promptly checked, while there is less danger of great loss when kept in small flocks, as the trouble can usually be confined to the flock in which it started by proper and prompt sanitary measures. When the breeder is not too far away from large retail markets, and especially where the breeder can market them himself, thus saving commission, freight and loss, it pays best to breed and keep poultry for the eggs they produce, as eggs known to be strictly fresh are always in good demand at quite an increase in price over that received for the ordinary "store" eggs. Such breeds as the white and black Leghorns, and birds bred from them, either pure breed or cross breed or grade, as a basis, are first class egg producers, while a game cock is also valuable to breed to good common hens, producing, as a rule, vigorous, active pullets, which are unvariably good layers. Those who wish to raise poultry principally for the flesh should raise the light Brahmas, Plymouth Rock, dark Brahmas or some of the Cochin breeds, the first two named, however, being general favorites in this respect, and also combining with it good laying qualities under favorable circumstances. Those who can not or will not give the poultry regular or constant attention shelter them properly, supply proper food in liberal quantities and at frequent and regular intervals, and pay a strict attention to cleanliness and thoroughness in all the details of the management, need not expect even to succeed, not to even consider the question of loss or profits, for success and profit here means work, work, work, work.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Breeding or Raising Poultry.

A Texas correspondent of the *American Poultry Journal* makes the following very pertinent remarks on the difference between breeding and simply raising poultry:

There is a wide difference between the breeder of poultry and the person who simply raises poultry. There are hundreds of persons raising thoroughbred poultry who know nothing of the principles of mating their fowls; they make up, perhaps, their breeding pens with so many hens to a cock, without any idea as to their affinity or relative quantities, and yet they advertise themselves as breeders. Many make no selections at all, but put all to breeding, sell and hatch eggs from them promiscuously, from one year to another, and when they offer to sell eggs at $1 a setting the ordinary purchaser will wonder why some people will ask from $2.50 to $5 for a setting of eggs from the same variety of fowls, and in most cases they will buy eggs from the poultry raiser and not the breeder. * * * I find, however, that the better class of people can see the difference as soon as they visit the yards. * * * The proper mating of the breeding stock is the most important principle connected with the breeding of poultry, and yet I will venture to say it is less studied and experimented with than any other matter connected with the profession. Breeders, as a rule, will select what they consider the best specimens they have, but to give a reason why they place a certain cock or cockerel in a pen with a given lot of hens and pullets, not one in 20 can do it. They take chances of raising nice fowls out of a large number, and still they will claim in their advertisements that they are mated for the best results. True they hope to have the best results, but are unable to give a reason for the faith within them.

Hog Cholera.

An Iowa farmer writes to the *Homestead* as follows:

"I wish to add a word on the subject of so-called hog cholera. Swine were not subject to this disease years ago. It is generally conceded that the various diseases swine have become heir to have been the result of first, too close breeding; second, breeding from stock at too early an age; and third, the breeding stock has been kept too fat. The crowding process practiced to day to make a pig weigh at 10 and 11 months old as much as they used to at 18, has much to do with it. I do not fully agree with Mr. Harris. His suggestions as to feeding are, if carried out, calculated to overload the stomach. When this is done with any kind of feed, particularly when largely of corn, the blood will in time become poisoned, the intestines inflamed, the liver and lungs affected, the whole system diseased, and then comes death. I suggest a more moderate system of feeding—feed no more than will be eaten up clean; give plenty of range, good pasture, pure, clean water at all times, and during Summer a good bathing place will be found very beneficial. A good artichoke path to turn into in the Fall will amuse the young rooter wonderfully, and is just what his nature requires. 'Make haste slowly," is my motto."

The above is undoubtedly true to some extent. But there are other causes which we think have much to do in producing hog cholera. One of these is too close confinement and improper food. Look at a hog's nose, and a glance will reveal the facts that it was made to root in the ground, and the inference, therefore, is that a portion at least of food for his well-being is beneath the soil, and if we have taken the liberty, he will supply what his system craves better than anyone else can do it for him. Hogs that are confined and fed on slops from the distilleries and breweries, will devour brickbats or charcoal with avidity, showing that the system needs something beyond their reach, that it is necessary to healthfulness.

Experiment.

As a class, agriculturists are conservative, probably too much so for their own welfare. It is not advised that they invest their means in new contrivances and productions rashly, upon no other authority than that of those who have some private ends in view. "Let well enough alone," is an old motto, and sometimes applicable, but the progressive farmer will not rest satisfied with his present advantages. He will look beyond, and endeavor to anticipate the wants of those who will come after him, and this will lead him to experimenting. It may be upon a small scale, with imperfect material and facilities, but his labors may not be in vain. Some of our best fruits are the results of accidents—mere chance—while others were evolved from long and varied experiments. A small piece of ground convenient to the dwelling should be set off for experimental purposes. Let each one pursue his own course, and work up to his own ideas. If no good it accumplished, he will soon discover his mistake, and may then be able to change his theories and strike out anew. The productions of new fruits and vegetables, and the improvement of those we now have, may be the outcome of some of these experiments. Then, again, this experimental garden will afford fine opportunities for testing various kinds of fertilizers, and modes of application. There is much yet to be learned concerning vegetable life. Physiological laws are so various in their manifestations, owing to the varied conditions surrounding them, that science may be said to stand timidly upon the outer threshhold of their mysteries. What then may we expect to behold when the inner portals are entered? Give, then, a portion of your time, it need be but a very small portion, to experimental research in the vast field of nature. Your discoveries may seem trivial now, but may be of incalculable benefit years hence.—*American Farmer.*

Hints in Fruit Culture.

Green's Fruit Grower remarks that one thing is always to be said in favor of small fruit culture over large fruits. The grower can count, with decent care, on an annual crop. Pears, apples, peaches, plums, etc., fail totally every few years, but the berries do not fail one season in 10; and when they fail partially the higher prices make partial or total amends for the small crop. Berries, too, can be raised in our own yard or later planting, but for the large fruits one must wait three or four years at least, and when he happens to get a full crop, now and then, most his competitors have the same. When a man's location for small fruit-growing is good he had better utilize it for all it is worth. The culture of the larger fruits would be greatly accelerated if fruit trees were all planted at wide distances, and the intervening space kept under constant cultivation for food crops, and attended by constant manuring. Then the trees, of themselves alone, would require almost no extra work, except that of pruning during the first few years after planting. And still it will probably take 100 years before some farmers will even hear of this method, and perhaps another hundred to get them to believe in it as the best system.

Who has not seen the fair, fresh young girl transformed in a few months into the pale, haggard, dispirited woman? The sparkling eyes are dimmed, and the ringing laugh heard no more. Too often the causes are disorders of the system which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" would remedy in a short time. Remember that the "Favorite Prescription" will unfailingly cure all "female weaknesses" and restore health and beauty. By all druggists. Send three stamps for Dr. Pierce's treatise on Diseases of Women (96 pages). Address WORLD'S MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

BONDHOLDERS.

The Rothschilds, $300,000,000—Vanderbilt, $37,000,000—Mrs. Stewart, $30,000,000—Gould, $25,000,000—Flood, $15,000,000.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The June payment of interest on registered bonds are now being made, and several people are getting very large sums of money on their very large holdings of bonds. Vanderbilt gets the largest sum of anybody in this country. He now holds about $37,000,000 in bonds, though this is about $13,000,000 less than he held a year ago, some of his having been "called" in the past 12 months. Mrs. A. T. Stewart has about $30,000,000 in bonds. Jay Gould has about $25,000,000, one-half of which are registered, the remainder being kept for use as collaterals on Wall street. Flood, the California millionaire, has about $15,000,000, and there are several parties in New York and Boston holding eight or ten millions each. Whitelaw Reid's father-in-law, D. O. Mills, holds, it is said, four millions. A very large proportion of our bondesi indebtedness is, however, held abroad. The Rothschild family, including all its branches, hold, it is said, over three hundred millions. Baron Lopold and Sir Nathan Rothschild hold about thirty millions apiece. Others of the family holds twenty millions or so apiece. Government bonds are not in high favor with capitalists as investments now, because of the low rates of interest paid; yet the demand for them by National banks to keep up their circulation keep them at a premium.

The term hydra may be used to represent any manifold evil. If you would battle successfully with the many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound always on hand.—Dr. Banning.

Fresh Trouble in Indian Territory.

ST. LOUIS, June 15.—A story comes from Indian Territory that early Tuesday morning a party of 20 of what are known as Creek's Light Horsemen made an attack on a little settlement of Spiechees, living 10 miles from Tulsa, on the Arkansas River, killed one and wounded two or three others. These men had returned to their homes from Fort Gibson by permission of Col. Bates, who gave them a pass and promised them protection, and the attack upon them is regarded as defiance to the military arm of the Government. The light-horsemen belong to the Chicote faction of the Creeks, and their conduct in this case is considered as reopening of troubles between the Chicote and Spiechee bands, and will likely lead to bitter war and bloodshed unless the Government steps in and takes prompt and effective measures to preserve the peace.

Betty and the Baby Must Pay $400.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—This morning Judge James, in the case of J. G. Bigelow against Bettie E. Mason, to restrain the payment of the "Bettie and Baby" fund, and for a decree making Bigelow an allowance for his service as counsel, signed an order discharging the restraining order, and dismissing the bill on condition of the payment of $400 to Bigelow for his expenses in defending Sergt. Mason on his trial for shooting at Guiteau.

Everybody admires beautiful hair, and every one may possess it, by using Ayer's Hair Vigor.

"NOT GUILTY,"

Is the Verdict in the Star Route Cases—The Announcement Greeted with Cheers, and Dorsey and Brady Warmly Congratulated.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—"You can ask the jury whether they have any communication to make to the Court," said Judge Wylie to the crier, when Court assembled this morning.

Crier Donaldson soon returned with a message that the jury desired to communicate with the Court. They filed into the Court room, apparently none the worse for their confinement. When they were seated Judge Wylie said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, the Court has sent for you for the purpose of inquiring whether you have any communication to make."

The foreman in reply said the jury had agreed upon a verdict, and a painful silence fell on the Court room, only to be broken by wild shouts of applause, when, in a clear-toned voice, the foreman stated the verdict was "not guilty." Immediately the decorum of a Court of Justice was forgotten and cheers resounded from all quarters of the crowded room. Mrs. S. W. Dorsey sprang to her feet, clapping her hands, while tears streamed down her cheeks, and there were many ladies in the room who were silently weeping.

Davidge quietly asked to have the verdict recorded, which was done, while the Deputy Marshals were vainly endeavoring to quell the tumult.

S. W. Dorsey and Brady were the recipients of warm congratulations, and as they left the court room they were greeted with renewed cheers by the crowd in front of the City Hall.

When order had been somewhat restored by reason of defendants and friends leaving the room, Judge Wylie turned to Juror Vernon and asked: "Mr. Vernon, how are you this morning?"

Juror Vernon—"First rate, sir."

The Court—"I believe we have nothing further for the jury to do during this term, and Court is prepared to discharge you finally. You have had a laborious task to perform in this case. You have been more than six months engaged in this trial. Many of you have occupations of your own which you have been obliged to neglect during that period, and though your verdict, of course, will create dissatisfacsion to many, yet having been selected according to the forms of law, and having sworn to perform your duties faithfully, the Court is bound to presume you have faithfully performed your duty. If you have done so, each one according to the dictates of his conscience, that will be a satisfaction to you as long as you live. You are therefore discharged with the thanks of the Court."

In the ante-rooms and halls, the jury was beset by a throng of interested persons, prominent among them being the defendants and Mrs. S. W. Dorsey and Mrs Peck, who thanked them for the verdict with tears in their eyes. As the foreman reached the sidewalk, a large crowd assembled there, burst into tumultuous cheers, which were renewed as each juryman made his way out.

The foreman stated to a representative of the Associated Press that five ballots were taken by the jury; that the first ballot was upon the question of the existence of conspiracy. The ballot resulted three for and nine against conspiracy. On the scond ballot the nine was increased to 10. This vote remained unchanged until about 8 o'clock this morning, when acquittal was agreed upon.

Ker was the only representative of the prosecution in Court when the verdict was returned, and Carpenter, Dorsey's counsel, congratulated him as the only one of the Government's counsel having the pluck to show up in the hour of defeat. Ker says he was this morning informed by a Court officer that Ingersoll had said the jury would return a verdict of acquittal. He added that other indictments against Brady would be pressed. Of course it would be necessary for the the Court to enter an order setting aside Beresdell's plea of guilty.

Information gathered from a member of the jury discloses the fact that several informal votes were taken in addition to those already recorded. A vote on the questions of the innocence or guilt excepting Brady stood nine for and three against acquittal, the three votes being cast by Jurors Horrigan, Sheriff and Green. In Dorsey's case the jury stood ten to two in favor of acquittal, the two negatives being cast by Horrigan and Sheriff.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—The Evening Star says editorially: "The verdict of acquittal rendered by the jury in the star route case was unexpected, though it was supposed probable there would be a disagreement upon conviction. While the verdict is in the nature of a surprise, the result does not justify any censure of the jury as having acted otherwise than conscientiously in their conclusion. There were men on the jury who certainly would not have voted for acquittal unless after faithful endeavor to master all details of this extremely involved and complicated case they were unable to trace beyond a "reasonable doubt" all the links required legally to establish conspiracy. As one of the jurymen says in regard to their action, the indictments were based upon conspiracy, and if there was no conspiracy established there could be no conviction."

The news of the verdict in the star route trial reached the Department of Justice shortly after 10 o'clock this morning, by telephone. At the time, the Attorney General was in consultation with George Bliss. When the news was announced he said to Bliss, "What do you think of that?" "I am astonished," was the reply. "I thought some of the jurors might get muddled on the conspiracy question, but I did not anticipate an acquittal." "Well," said the Attorney General, "that settles it. When 12 men agree, that settles it. I feel satisfied that the Government has presented it in the best possible manner."

Juror Harrigan held out alone for conviction for a long time. He says: "I finally concluded that 11 heads were better than one, especially when some of the others were educated and smart gentlemen. A few moments before we came into Court I went over because I didn't feel like opposing 11 men. So I gave the defendants the benefit of doubt, and voted for acquittal."

Foreman Crane says the jury voted first on the question as to whether there was a conspiracy. It was then proposed, after some discussion, to vote upon the guilt or innocence of individuals, which of course would carry conspiracy with it.

"John W. Dorsey," said Crane, "headed the list, and we acquitted him the first night. Then we came to Vaile and acquitted him. I think it stood ten to two on Stephen W. Dorsey, ten to two on Brady, and nine to three on Miner. This is the way the jury stood up to this morning, though I believe there was a change of one vote on Stephen W. Dorsey last night, making it stand 11 to one in his favor."

George Bliss, of counsel for the prosecution in the star route cases, when asked tonight what he thought of the verdict, said it had been a surprise to him as well as to his associate counsel. He said he would not have been surprised at the disagreement of the jury; that in fact he had been of the opinion that the jury would stand about nine for conviction and three for acquittal. The very men, however, on whom he had depended as certain to vote for conviction, voted the other way. He did not think the honesty of the jurors should be impugned because of the verdict. When 12 men united in a verdict, no lawyer would say they had been improperly influenced. He believed members of the jury had been mistaken, but that was all; their opinions must be accepted as honest.

Speaking further on the proceedings against the defendants who have just been acquitted, he said he thought the case against Brady, Kellogg and others indicted with Brady, would go over until Fall, as Judge Wylie proposed to hear cases of local importance before taking up the star route cases. Against the Dorseys, Vaile and Miner there were practically no more criminal cases.

He did not think the civil proceedings could be successfully maintained against Brady, as he had not received money from the Government for services in carrying mails. The proceedings in the civil suits would be for the recovery of money paid contractors improperly, money for which no service was rendered, or money paid for illegally expedited service, and said he did not know whether he would have charge of the civil suits or not, but he knew he would not have the management of them if they were to be prosecuted in Washington or within any considerable distance of New York City. He did not think the Government would want to begin any civil suits in Washington.

There was a large gathering of the friends of the star route defendants at Col. Ingersoll's house to-night. Indoors the acquitted men, their counsel and a large number of more intimate friends, many of them women, met to exchange mutual congratulations; out in the street, a crowd numbering 200 or 300 persons had gathered, partly out of curiosity and partly to express their sympathy with the defendants. They cheered Ingersoll and the other counsel, as well as the defendants and the jury, and called for speeches.

Col. Ingersoll and Judges Wilson and Carpenter spoke briefly, denouncing the Government for its tactics in the trial and eulogizing the jury which acquitted the defendants, and congratulating the latter and their friends.

At the conclusion of the speech-making, Col. Ingersoll invited the crowd into his house, where liquid refreshments were served. One of those who came into the house was Juror Evans. He was seized by Mrs. Dorsey and Mrs. Peck who, linking arms with him, enthusiastically escorted him through the parlors, presenting him to every lady as one of the 12 honest men. After an hour or so of handshaking, the crowd dispersed.

Col. Ingersol, when asked if he had anything to say about the verdict, replied, "Victory is the only revenge I want. I think it is the most popular verdict that has been given in this country for many years."

THE LAST OF DUKES.

Shot Down by the Son and Brother of His Victims in the Streets of Uniontown—Quick but Deadly Work.

PITTSBURG, June 13.—The Post's Uniontown, Pa., special: James Nutt, son of State Treasurer Capt. A. C. Nutt, deceased, shot and killed his father's murderer, this evening. He shot four times, all of the balls taking effect. Dukes died instantly.

Dukes had been frequently warned of his danger in remaining in Uniontown, and he lately said he would either stay there or in the cemetery. It is said that he had expressed a fear of the son of Capt. Nutt, and was never on the street after night.

To-day James Nutt was seen practicing with a revolver at his home, and this evening he was standing near the postoffice when Dukes came along. As Dukes was passing he turned his head and noticed young Nutt just as he stepped from the doorway and fired, the shot taking effect in Dukes' side. Dukes started to run, when Nutt followed and shot again. By this time Dukes was on the postoffice steps, where he received another shot, and fell inside the door. Nutt followed and fired two more shots into Dukes' prostrate body, one taking effect in his neck.

Dukes was dead before anyone could get to him. The revolver that did the work is the same that Capt. Nutt carried on the morning of his death.

Young Nutt gave himself up, and is now in jail. He was calm, but pale as a sheet. Five shots were fired, four taking effect. The Coroner's jury is now sitting, and the excitement is running high.

At 11 o'clock to-night everything was quiet.

Young Nutt is not quite 20 years old, and has always been considered quiet and inoffensive. It is said, however, that he has been practicing with a revolver for some time past.

The murder which led to the tragedy of to-night is still fresh in the minds of all. Dukes, who was engaged to Miss Lizzie Nutt, had written infamous letters to her father, Capt. A. C. Nutt, questioning her chastity, and Capt. Nutt, upon the invitation of Dukes, had gone to the latter's room in the hotel on December 24th to settle the affair quietly, when Dukes shot and killed him. The murder created great excitement, and Dukes was arrested, tried and acquitted. His release created the greatest indignation, and threats on his life were heard on all sides, but no attempt was made to carry them out, and it was generally thought he would be allowed to remain in Uniontown unmolested.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 14.—The shooting of M. L. Dukes last evening, the slayer of Capt. Nutt, by the son of the latter, was the all-absorbing topic. The excitement has comparatively subsided, however, and everyone apparently breathing a sigh of relief now that the last chapter has been added to the sad tragedy. There is a large influx of the rural population, eagerly inquiring into every particular of the horrible affair. Among the masses the question is, "What will be done with young Nutt?" People are afraid to trust the tribunal which acquitted the murderer of Capt. Nutt, and would like to have the avenger tried by a popular vote. These questions are a little premature, but the past, present and future are all discussed in one and the same moment.

The coroner's jury resumed its investigation this morning.

FITTSBURG, June 14.—The Chronicle's Uniontown special says: A vile rumor became current here to-day, through the instrumentality of Dukes' friends, that Mrs. Nutt, widow of the lamented Capt. Nutt, had encouraged her son to attack and slay Dukes. C. H. Rush, a prominent merchant here, and one who is in position to know, brands this assertion as most infamous lie. Mr. Rush says that to his certain knowledge Mrs. Nutt did everything a loving mother could do to keep her son from attacking his father's murderer, and persistently urged her boy to give her a solemn promise not to attack Dukes. From good authority it is said Dukes met young Nutt on the street and laughed in his face in a sneering manner, and thus himself precipitated the tragedy.

At 11 o'clock, a mud-splashed spring wagon drove in front of the Jennings House. This was the hearse of Nicholas Lyman. Dukes's corpse was hurriedly borne to the hearse, but there were neither tears nor flowers for the dead.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., June 14.—It is a question whether there is a member of the bar in Fayette County who would appear against Nutt. The task will doubtless fall to the District Attorney.

A rumor has been circulated that young Nutt is insane. With a correspondent today he conversed freely, and is as rational as any man. Of Dukes' death he prefers to say nothing, being so instructed by counsel.

The excitement over the Dukes-Nutt tragedy is subsiding, and everything is quiet here to-night. Young Nutt is locked up in jail, but this afternoon had a very affecting interview with his mother in the parlor of Sheriff Hoover. Mrs. Nutt was accompanied by her two brothers. The son was assured by his uncles that the sympathy of the public was with him.

As stated this afternoon, Dukes' remains were taken to his mother's. The latter takes the death of her son very hard and says she frequently warned him to stay away from Uniontown, and that he always replied that he wasn't afraid. The funeral will take place Saturday, but the arrangements have not been completed.

Public sentiment is strongly in favor of Nutt. There are a few exceptions, however, to be found among a certain clique of politicians who are afraid to express themselves.

Messages have been pouring in all day from all sections, tendering sympathy for Nutt's family and offering pecuniary assistance to be used for defense. In Pittsburg a public subscription has been started for the same purpose.

The trial, it is thought, will take place at the September term of Court, and as his offense is not bailable, he will have to remain in prison until that time.

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DIXON, ILL., Aug. 19, 1881.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

I have been a constant slave to the use of morphine for over 20 years. I am now cured—have no desire for the drug, and am a healthy woman now.

Very Sincerely Yours,
M. M. LUCKY.

YATES, N. Y., March 22, 1881.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I shall not turn back to the old drug, for you have saved me from death by Opium by your medicine.

MRS. PHEBE CARPENTER.

Deathbed Confession.

CANTON, O., June 14.—George McMillen, the wife murderer, to be hanged on the 22d inst., has made a "confession," in which he gives the details of an alleged murder at his home during his absence, the victim being a Cleveland detective named Murphy. He says his wife and a woman named Fanny Killen administered a drug for the purpose of robbing him, from the effects of which he died. The authorities have taken no official notice of the "confession," but a petition is in circulation pray ing for a commutation of sentence for the purpose of making an investigation.

Admiral Tucker Drops Dead.

PETERSBURG, Va., June 12.—Admiral John Randolph Tucker dropped dead at his residence to-night, aged 72. He left the United States Navy for the Confederate Navy at the beginning of the war, and at the close of the war entered the Peruvian Navy.

California Oranges in Boston.

BOSTON, June 12.—The first direct rail shipment of California oranges ever received in this City arrived yesterday, consigned to Snow & Co. The fruit arrived in satisfactory condition, having made the journey from Los Angeles in 13 days.

One of the Elect.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The *Plain Dealer* reports that Hon. Martin A. Foran, Congressmen-elect from the Cleveland, Ohio, district, has used St. Jacobs Oil in his family and has always found it safe and reliable, and it afforded him great relief to a lame knee.

Following the Sun in its Course.

Since 1857 the sun and moon in their courses have not been more accurate to the calculation than the Grand Monthly Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery, which have occurred on the second Tuesday of each month at New Orleans. The 92d (the 110th) event will take place on the 10th day of July, when prizes will be distributed by Gen. G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early, of Virginia. Any information can be had on application to P. H. Dumphy, New Orleans, La.

FITZ JOHN PORTER

Makes a Furious Attack on Sen. Logan, and Promises to Make Disclosures that "Will Knock His Expectations Glimmering."

CHICAGO, June 12.—Gen. Fitz John Porter arrived in the city yesterday, and is stopping at the Palmer House. A reporter for the Times called upon the General. He said he was here on matters entirely personal, and at first declined to talk of anything connected with his past history. Eventually, however, the conversation drifted upon political matters, and dwelt especially upon his case before Congress, which has attracted such wide-spread attention. He did not look upon his case as one calling for political interference, but as an effort to right a wrong which had been done and maintained through ignorance. He considered that the longer it had been maintained the more it was injuring those, who through ignorance, were opposing the right.

"What do you intend to do further in your case?"

"I will bring it up before the next Congress as entirely new matter, and will prosecute my claim more vigorously than ever."

"What do you think of Logan as a Presidential possibility?"

Mr. Porter smiled a doleful sort of smile, and remained quiet for some time. Finally he said:

"Mr. Logan has certain interests in this City that I do not wish to antagonize, and if I should say anything it would cause unnecessary irritation. You know that I have no connection with politics. But I could make it warm for him if I wanted to." After a moment's reflection, "He is spoken of rather favorably as a candidate for President, isn't he? I noticed that Grant in a recent interview mentioned him as one of the foremost in the field."

"Do you think he would accept the nomination?"

"Would he? Well I should think he would. But Mrs. Logan has more to do with his aspirations than he has himself. She is a very nice woman, and a great favorite in Washington society. Logan is apparently now laboring under the delusion that the people will as one man rise up and call him to the Presidency. His estimate of his popularity is inflated beyond all reason, and I believe if any fool thought he was going to accomplish a thing, without the possibility of a failure, Logan is the one."

"Do you think he would stand any chance of election if he were nominated?"

"Not the slightest. He is not the man to win the support of the people, and there have been many things in his career that have shaken their confidence in him. But if he is nominated, let me tell you, confidentially, that there will be disclosures made which will destroy the last vestige of hope of his success. I know Sen. Logan's private life as well as he does himself, and several things could be said that would not be a credit to him as a married man, and this will all come out some day. I will not enter into details now, because it is not necessary, but let him get the Presidential nomination and something will drop. Aside from all things else, John A. Logan has been more contemptible in his treatment of me than any gentleman of honor would be. He has resorted to the smallest, meanest tricks to injure me and to curry favor with the soldier element. He has made it a point to visit meetings of Grand Army posts, and there, either directly or indirectly, induce them to adopt resolutions condemning me and eulogizing him. He has gone to such ridiculous extremes to create a boom for the Presidency, but he will find that he has far overreached himself. I may as well tell you that notwithstanding all of his herculean efforts and sanguine hopes, John A. Logan will never be elected President of the United States, even if he gets the nomination. He can secure the latter only by resorting to the measures most familiar to the machine, but if he does he will have his labor for his pains and nothing more. Logan is just as high as he will ever get, and higher than he ever deserved to be, and rather than see such a man foisted upon an unsuspecting people I will make a disclosure of some cold facts that will knock his expectations glimmering."

In justice to Mr. Porter, it can be said that he probably did not expect the above interview to appear verbatim before the public, but in talking of a matter in which the most sanguine elements of his being were brought into action he worked himself into a passion that induced him to express himself in a way that, with a little calm deliberation, would not have commended itself.

A Sleeping Beauty.

READING, June 12.—Wameidorf, a small village about 15 miles from here, is considerably excited at the strange case of a young and pretty girl, Miss Annie C. Hain, about 23 years old. She was taken suddenly ill on Sunday, June 3, and gradually grew worse. Physicians were summoned and could do nothing. She complained of a severe dizziness in her head and grew very sleepy and swooned and soon became unconscious. The unfortunate young lady has remained in a stupor ever since. Three physicians—Drs. J. C. Swingood, L. A. Swingwood and Horace S. Swingwood—are in attendance, but the case has outwitted them thus far. What her ailment is is not known, as she was always in the best of health prior to her present condition. She is apparently unconscious of what is going on about her. Batteries have been used to revive her, but of no avail. She has not eaten any substantial food since her prostration, and the only nourishment she has taken was the juice of broiled chicken, which is administered in small quantities and with great difficulty.

The face of humanity displays fewer pimples than formerly. Reason—Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

"Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye," 50 cts,

Decision Regarding the Sale of Leaf Tobacco.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—A farmer and tobacco grower living in the Third Internal Revenue Collection District of Michigan, recently wrote to Commissioner Evans, relative to changes in the law relating to sales of leaf tobacco without payment of the special tax. The Commissioner to-day addressed a letter on the subject to Collector Rowlson. After citing the new law, the Commissioner says tobacco must be of the growth and raising of the producer who makes the sales, and that the sales must be at the place of production and strictly to consumers. The tobacco must be in the form and condition of the leaf, as it is ordinarily cured and dried for the market. Otherwise it is liable to a tax of eight cents per pound, and if the producer sells an amount exceeding $100, he becomes liable to the special tax as a retail dealer in leaf tobacco. These rulings are of as much interest to manufacturers as to producers.

"Solid comfort" can be realized by those suffering from all kinds of Scrofula, if they will take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

Condition of Archbishop Purcell.

CINCINNATI, June 12.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark., and Rev. W. J. Halley, of the Cathedral, visited His Grace Archbishop Purcell yesterday, at the Ursuline Convent, Brown County. Father Halley stated to a Commercial Gazette reporter last evening that the Archbishop was in unusual good health, better, in fact, than he has been for the past two years. He recognized both the Bishop and Father Halley, and smiled when they shook hands with him. He endeavored to speak, but his articulation was so poor that he could not be understood. He eats and sleeps well, and seems to enjoy himself in the company of those who are making the declining years of his life as pleasant as possible.

The Orangemen.

PITTSBURG, June 12.—The 14th annual meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of the United States is being held here. About 60 delegates, representing 11 States in the Union, are in attendance. Col. D. M. Evans, of Philadelphia, retiring Grand Master, called the meeting to order. The day was taken up with routine business, and to-night the delegates were tendered a banquet at Lafayette Hall. To-morrow there will be an election of officers for the ensuing year and other important business will be transacted. It is estimated there are 30,000 Orangemen in the United States.

A Young Sea Lion.

CHICAGO, June 13.—One of the sea lions in Barnum's menagerie last night gave birth to a young one, and it is thought to be the first one born in captivity. The weight of the infant is between six and seven pounds.

Whether to dye or not is a mere matter of taste; it is good taste to use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dand

News of the Week

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

The Illinois Legislature has adjourned sine die.

Standard silver dollars minted last week, 193,499.

Two cases of sunstroke in New Orleans Friday, one fatal.

The International military rifle team will sail for England Tuesday.

A large portion of the business part of Sterling, Ont., burned. Loss, $125,000.

Dr. Carver, the rifle shot, took 50 drops of laudanum in Columbus by mistake. A stomach pump saved him.

The Summer running races at the Chicago Driving Park will begin next Saturday and continue from day to day until July 4.

A sealed verdict in the case of Paymaster Wasson has been sent to Washington. It is said to be decidedly unfavorable to him.

At Jersey City, Frank Meenan, ex-Warden of the Penitentiary, has been convicted of releasing prisoners for a money consideration.

John W. Bookwalter will reach San Francisco about June 20. He will go to his Nebraska ranch, and not be in Ohio until in July.

A Boston man, Bernard J. Mahon, was fatally stabbed on Saturday evening with a shawl pin in the hands of a dissolute woman.

The Parnell fund at Chicago now amounts to $5,000. It is in the hands of the Hon. John F. Finerty. Leadville has contributed $500 as a "starter."

The subscriptions which are being raised in France for the erection of a monument to Gambetta have reached a total sum of over 150,000 francs.

Wisconsin Masons in Grand Lodge session elected I. E. Reed, of Ripon, Most Worshipful Grand Master; H. V. Hirgin, of Viroqua, Senior Grand Warden.

Dr. W. H. Taft committted suicide at Evansville. He was on his way from Florida to St. Louis, where he was at one time a professor in a medical college.

It is understood a general plan for the reduction of Internal Revenue Districts has been determined upon, and the question will be finally disposed of next week.

At Richfield, Minn., Rev. E. W. Chase committed suicide by hanging. He was formerly Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at St. Paul. Insanity was the cause.

Solomon Hewitt and Willie Hardee were hanged at Conway, S. C., Friday. A large crowd was present, but the lawful number only were permitted to see the execution.

Four striking coal miners and two women were arrested at Collinsville, Ill., for assaulting some workmen of the Abbey mine on the streets of that town last Friday.

The Massachusetts Senate has ordered paid to Walter Shanley $70,500 on account of lossess occasioned in the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel. He asked for $150,000.

The "Arabic" brought 700 cases of opium. Value, $500,000; duties, $250,000. It is estimated that before July 1, there will be $3,000,000 worth of opium in San Francisco.

Charles Doering, an old rag picker and beggar of Cincinnati, who has been living in a miserly way, died in the hospital, and in his room and on his person $1,000 was found.

At St. Paul, Ind., Silas Flavors had his skull crushed with a rock in the hands of James Cheek. They had quarreled; Cheek slipped up behind Flavors, and struck him unawares.

William A. Squire, a Philadelphia dry goods commission merchant, has left the City. His accounts are $20,000 short as agent of the Mount Vernon Mills, of Baltimore.

Secretary Chandler will advertise for sealed proposals for the purchase of two ironclads, two iron and 26 wooden ships, which have been condemned and unfit for further naval service.

Dr. W. W. Barnes, for killing his brother-in-law, Clarence Boyd, was before the City Court at Louisville, and, after argument for and against the motion to dismiss the case, was discharged from custody.

Sabatini, who drove Overdank, the bomb manufacturer, across the border, and who was placed on trial at Innsbruck last Saturday, on the charge of high treason, was found guilty and sentenced to death.

Reuben H. Floss, a capitalist, left a satchel containing securities valued at $87,000 on a Brooklyn ferryboat. The police subsequently captured Owen Quinn and James Cullen with the property in their possession.

The wife of ex-Gov. R. C. McCormick, of Arizona, who is the daughter of ex-Sen. Thurman, of Ohio, narrowly escaped death from an overdose of patent medicine, which she took for a nervous complaint, at her home in Jamaica, L. I.

Gen. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, has made arrangements for the erection of a 20-ton monument on the battlefield of Mumfordsville, Ky. Gen. Smith's brother, Col. Robert Smith, of the Eleventh Mississippi, was killed at Mumfordsville.

Great swarms of bats have appeared in Frankfort, Ky. The roof of one house has been removed in order to get at an immense nest of them in the gables. Five barrels of bats were taken out. There is another large nest in one of the church spires.

The Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association reports that the pig iron trade is in an unsatisfactory condition. At the beginning of the present month there were 688 furnaces in the country, of which 351 were in blast and 337 out of blast.

Henry William Elder, coadjutor to the Archbishop of Cincinnati, has proclaimed and reaffirmed the rule established in that diocese that there shall be no round dancing at any time, nor dancing of any kind after dark at picnics and such like entertainments.

Sec. Teller has paid Chief Bushyhead, of the Cherokee Indians, $500,000 appropriated by Congress for lands ceded to the United States by the Cherokee Nation. The money will be distributed only among Cherokees and their descendants, in accordance with the decision of the Cherokee Council.

The Rev. Dr. William G. Sprole, a Presbyterian minister, died in Detroit on Saturday night, aged 75. He was born in Baltimore, and was chaplain of the Military Academy at West Point from 1847 to 1856, and has been pastor of churches in Philadelphia, Carlisle, Washington, Detroit, and Newburgh.

Mr. John W. Garrett, President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, has made a present of his stallion "Damascus," valued at $50,000, to King Humbert, of Italy, stipulating that the sculptor Story shall have the privilege of making a model of the animal. In return for the gift the King will send Mr. Garret two camels.

At Varner Station, on the Little Rock & Mississippi River Railroad, Thursday night, during a desperate affray in a saloon between J. W. Dyer (white) and a negro named John Smith, a white man named H. W. Knight went to Dyer's assistance and shot the negro dead and fled to the woods.

Just before being lynched by the Iowa mob, Isaac Barber asked for a chew of tobacco. After some difficulty and a delay of five minutes a plug was secured for him, and he started on his long journey with a mouthful of the weed. In this instance the use of tobacco prolonged life—about five minutes.

Graf Adolph von Der Dannenberg, a German Count, has been torn from his noble employment in the capacity of porter in a Chicago wholesale hardware store at $6 a week to answer before a St. Louis jury to the charge of disposing of property belonging to another, converting the proceeds ($5 to his own use. The young man claims to have been a Second Lieutenant of Hanoverian dragoons at home.

The Southern Exposition managers at Louisville, Ky., offer a premium of $1,000 for the best bale of long-staple cotton, $500 for second best, and $250 for third best. The same premiums are duplicated for the best three bales of short staple, $500 for the best exhibit of sea-island cotton, and $250 for the second best. The other cotton premiums offered make the list $3,150. A local cotton house will increase the amount to $10,000.

The officers of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., are rejoicing over the fact that the entire indebtedness of that institution is to be wiped out at once. Friends of the institution have subscribed $100,000 for this purpose, of which ex-Gov. Evans, of Colorado, gives $25,000; Mr. William Deering $50,000, and others various amounts aggregating $25,000 more. The University, whose annual commencement will occur next week, will enter upon its next year entirely free from debt.

Dr. Girard, of Miles City, M. T., is in Chicago in the interest of a gigantic irrigating project, by which it is proposed to convert a vast tract of barren territory into a fertile wheat growing district. A company of army officers and St. Paul capitalists was formed, and a monstrous ditch was run to Tongue River, 16 miles above the City, and running toward the Yellowstone River, the same distance below. Half the distance is completed and 40,000 acres of worthless land has been converted into wheat land, valued at $30 an acre. The water is carried into an immense basin in the foot hills and distributed to the land. The fall of water is 32 feet, and the system proves wonderfully successful. By completing the ditch 80,000 acres could be irrigated.

A "blind" pool in petroleum, with a capital of $15,000,000, has been discovered by a Philadelphia journal, the pilot being a banker of Pittsburg. The figures at which the pool intends to unload are placed at $1.50 per barrel.

At Chicago Adolph Ehreke, a bricklayer, fired two bullets into his wife's head, and then blew out his own brains, dying instantly. It is thought the woman cannot recover. The deed was done because the woman applied for divorce.

Mrs. Lowery, aged 70 years, driving across the railroad track at Clyde, O., was struck by an engine and instantly killed; the horse was fatally injured and the buggy smashed. Being deaf, it is supposed he did not hear the approaching train.

At Frazersburg, O., a burglar, name unknown, who had resisted arrest and was shot through the shoulders by Marshal Dresden, plunged into the creek, flourished his revolver, defied the crowd which gathered, and drowned himself.

Rathsack, who butchered his wife with an ax last September, was found guilty Saturday at Manitowoc, Wis., and sentenced to life imprisonment, with 10 days' solitary confinement each year. There is no capital punishment in Wisconsin.

A severe storm visited Millersburg, O., Monday. It took out the corner of the Court-house, leaving the edifice unsafe, tore up numerous trees, unroofed several houses, and the accompanying hail did great damage to crops in that section.

Prescott Bros. & Co., the largest and oldest hardware store in Fort Wayne, made an assignment in favor of George W. Wilson for the benefit of preferred creditors, representing claims amounting to $50,000; liabilities, $90,000; assets, $100,000.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE CZAR SHOWING SOME MERCY.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 13.—The Czar commuted the death sentences of the Nihilists Boganovitch, Telaloff and Boutsevitch to penal servitude for an indefinite period. He reduced the life sentence of Stefanovitch to eight years' penal servitude, and the sentences of the women Lisofskaya and Pribyleva to four years. He also mitigated the sentences of Gruenberg, Boreisch and Juschkowa.

THE "THOUGHT-READER'S" WAGER.

LONDON, June 13.—LaBouchere recently challenged Irving Bishop, the thought-reader, to tell the number of a bank note known only to LaBouchere and Firth, M. P., the latter to hold the note. LaBouchere put up £1,000 against £100, the proceeds to be devoted to charity. There were 3000 persons present, but owing to disputes concerning the conditions, neither LaBouchere or Firth were present. However, Bishop guessed the number at the first attempt. He now claims he won the £1,000. The audience was disorderly.

QUEEN VICTORIA HAS NO IDEA OF ABDICATING.

LONDON, June 17.—It is learned here with great surprise that many rumors have lately been circulated in America to the effect that the Queen contemplated abdication. The English people have never imagined that Her Majesty entertained any such intention, and the American rumors have caused much amusement in court circles. The temper of the Queen is too well known here to admit of any speculation concerning the royal succession not based upon her demise. In no state of health ever reached by Victoria up to the present time has she ever given a single indication of a desire to abdicate.

A VIGOROUS PROTEST.

LONDON, June 14.—Lord Carlingford, Minister of Agriculture, received yesterday an influential depatation representing towns in England claiming 10,000,000 people, the object of which was "to protest against the restrictions of the food supply." Carlingford stated the decrease in importation of American cattle was due to the fact that better prices were obtained in America and not to the system of compulsory slaughter at British ports. He said the Government continues to act up to the spirit of the present laws, and did not strain them in the direction of further prohibition, as urged by the opponents of importation of American cattle.

EARTHQUAKE IN ECUADOR.

PANAMA, June 14.—There was an earthquake in Ecuador May 19. There was great alarm in Quito. People encamped in the streets, fearing a cataclysm. In Lattacunga the shock was very severe, overthrowing several houses. Those remaining threaten to fall. Villages in the vicinity were almost destroyed. On a diligence at Lattacunga, the mules were taken out and pulled through the streets by men for fear the rumbling would shake down the houses.

Cataparxi is in active eruption. People in the vicinity are terrified. It is probable there will be a repetition of the catastrophe of March, 1867.

The Arrest of the Negro Direly.

COLUMBUS, O., June 16.—The arrest of Direly, the negro, on the charge of being one of the murderers of the Gibsons girls, is likely to turn out to be a larger job for Burnett than he expected before he gets through with it, for the reason that he is likely to be arrested for the crime of kidnapping—in fact there was a consultation between Detective Norris and Chief of Police Thompson to-day in reference to the matter. It is understood that Thompson is in sympathy with Burnett, while Norris is opposed to the whole thing on account of the way in which Direly was taken to Kentucky. Norris said that Burnett took the negro to Kentucky on the charge of murdering a man named White, which charge afterward proved to be false. If it is true that Norris is looking up the kidnapping portion of the whole affair there is likely to be some fun ahead for the boys, as both Norris and Burnett are supposed to be knowing ones.

A Mass Meeting in Chicago to Rebuke the Pope.

CHICAGO, June 16.—The mass meeting called for the avowed purpose of rebuking the Pope for his interference in the political affairs of Ireland was well attended, 2,000 people pressing into the West Twelfth Street Turner Hall to-night. The series of resolutions adopted, while directed at His Holiness, did not use his name, but some of the speakers did, and rather freely. The resolutions, after recounting what Farnell had done for Ireland, declared that the best answer to his traducers, in whatever quarter, would be found in swelling the fund to release his estate from debt. Alexander Sullivan, President of the Irish National League, declared that if the Pope attempted to prevent the liberty of Ireland he would be pushed aside by an indignant people. Congressman Finerty contended that England would have no greater success in perpetuating the slavery of Ireland by marching on Rome than she could have by marching on Washington. The non-papal utterances were applauded.

$15,000 for Broken Vows.

NEW YORK, June 17.—A storm prevailed in Glasgow, N. Y., on the night before the Summer day in 1874 on which Wm. G. Quinn met Annie B. Crandell. A storm prevailed in New Baltimore, N. Y., the night on which he asked her to return his love and she consented to do so. And now a storm prevails within his breast because a jury in the Supreme Court has rendered a verdict against him for breach of promise of marriage fixing the damage done to the fair Annie at $15,000.

Milwaukee Saloon Licenses.

MILWAUKEE, June 16.—The cases against the saloon-keepers, Miller & Holtz, whose license was revoked by Mayor Stowell because they refused to obey the midnight closing ordinance, flattened out to-day, as all such are likely to until a City Attorney is appointed who will conduct such cases in the interest of the City rather than in the interest of the defendant.

Rev. Ritchie Resigns.

CHICAGO, June 18.—Rev. Arthur Ritchie, rector of the Episcopal Church of Ascension, this City, announced to his congregation yesterday he will tender his resignation next Wednesday. Mr. Ritchie has been recognized as an extreme ritualist, and his church services have been marked by extreme High Church ceremonies, which have apparently created a difference between him and Bishop McLaren, of this diocese. The Bishop, at a recent Diocesan Convention, delivered an address which was thought to be pointed at High Church forms observed at the Church of Ascension. Mr. Ritchie's congregation appear greatly attached to him, and his opponents credit him with having established a large and prosperous parish and having successfully carried out a large number of charitable projects.

High License in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, June 15.—The Harper high license bill passed the Senate this afternoon —30 to 20. Edwards, Democrat, of Hamilton, voted aye, and Needles, Republican, of Washington, voted no. With these exceptions it was a party vote. The Governor signed the bill soon afterwards. The General Appropriation bill passed the House this afternoon with 19 votes in opposition.

Lynch Law in Mississippi.

ENTERPRISE, June 14.—Last night 20 men, friends of Edward McLaughlin, the Irish peddler, came from Meridan, disguised. They overpowered the guard, broke down the calaboose door, took the negro Aaron Harris out and hung him from the railroad bridge.

HEAVY FAILURE

Of a Chicago Lard and Provision Firm —The Market Demoralized, and Lard Drops from $11.50 to $9.20.

CHICAGO, June 16.—A season of extraordinary excitement prevailed on 'Change immediately after the opening this morning, by a rumor freely bandied about that a firm of operators (McGeoch, Averingham & Co.,) who have for a long time been looked on as the heaviest dealers in lard and provisions on the Chicago Board, had failed. This was verified in a measure soon after by a member of the firm circulating about on the floor of 'Change and notifying all with whom they were interested in provision deals to close them out.

Something in the nature of a panic seemed to seize the provision corner, and for a time interest in other trading was lost. The effect was to be seen at once in quotations of lard, and July options, which yesterday ran up to $11.57½ and closed at $11.50, ran down to $10.65 as an initial drop, and then kept on the descending scale until $9.20 was reached, which would be equal in point of comparison to a drop of 40 cents a bushel in wheat.

Other options felt the effect in like manner, but all measures somewhat recovered in tone, and at 11 o'clock July options had gone back to $9.85, but subsequently again declined to $9.50.

An effort to ascertain the extent to which McGeoch, Everingham & Co. had been operating failed, both upon application to the firm and to members of the Board of Trade; but careful inquiry shows it to have been unusually heavy, and the loss under a broken market is proportionately large. The firm is also reported to have been dealing heavily in wheat, but this morning announced its ability to care for all deals in this commodity, being on the winning side as the market now stands.

Grain appeared to feel the effect of the drop in lard on early market, and all kinds were quoted as easier, but not sensibly lower. The failing market brought its train of rumors of other pending failures, but up to 11 o'clock there is nothing further to report.

The failing firm has declared to the Associated Press they would make no statement of any kind before to-morrow. Peter McGeoch, the head of the firm, is a resident of Milwaukee, and is familiarly styled "the Milwaukee milkman." He is reputed to have been the leader in a number of daring bull movements on both the Milwaukee and Chicago markets, and failed here two years ago. His firm came prominently before the public two weeks ago by their refusal to receive a large consignment of lard from Chicago, on the ground that it was tainted, and over which disputed fact investigation of the Board is now in progress. The firm has since accepted the lard in question, under protest.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Clerks are busy in the offices of all the firms which went to the wall yesterday in the bursting lard corner, trying to bring order out of chaos. None of the proprietors, however, are willing to talk and nothing definite can be known till to-morrow, possibly not till Tuesday or later.

A statement is made, on what is claimed to be good authority, that Friday night McGeoch went to Phil. Armour and explained the situation, saying $1,000,000 would be carry him successfully through the deal, that Armour agreed to let him have $250,000, that two other large operators have undertook to advance like amounts, making three-quarters of a million, and that then McGeoch telegraphed to Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, for the remaining $250,000, that Mitchell replied that he was willing to advance $1,000,000 if it would carry the deal through successfully, but he had looked the ground over and was not sure that several millions would be required to complete it, so he declined to enter the syndicate.

CHICAGO, June 18.—The story in regard to the great break in lard appears to have been very completely told. This morning on 'Change was looked forward to with considerable tripidation, in the apparent fear the market might take another downward turn, but it proved otherwise, and at 11 o'clock July lards, which closed at $9.77½ Saturday, had risen to $9.95, and the feeling was comparatively firm.

Beyond the firms reported in these dispatches Saturday, none others have succumbed, and the firm of Ellis & Lightner, among those reported as crippled, have transferred their deals, and in this manner have tided over. The Associated Press estimate of losses, putting them at $2,500,000, is as near accurate as can now be made. Other published accounts this morning swell these figures to $3,000,000, but this is largely based on conjecture. The firm of McGeoch, Everingham & Co. decline to furnish any additional data at this time, and can make no statement until some days have elapsed.

HIGH WATER.

A Perfect Deluge of Rain in Missouri, Illinois and Kansas.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., June 17.—A perfect deluge of rain fell here and throughout Central Illinois, Kansas and Missouri last night and to-day. Farm work is again seriously delayed and farmers are discouraged. A serious washout occurred yesterday at Pearl, on the Chicago & Alton Railroad, owing to the sudden rising of a bayou of the Illinois river. The night express trains were abandoned.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—Advices from Western Missouri and Kansas say heavy rains the past few days have raised nearly all the rivers and small streams in that section, and the indications are for unusually high water in the Missouri River. The town of Cornine, 40 miles north of St. Joseph, on the Kansas City, St. Joseph & Council Bluffs Railroad, and also on the Missouri River, is inundated, and several houses entirely swept away. About four miles of the railroads are under water. All the railroads in Western and Central Missouri excepting the Missouri Pacific are badly washed, and trains generally abandoned. It looks as though serious trouble, not only to railroads but to all river towns and bottom land farmers, is to result from the present or threatened condition of the rivers.

KANSAS CITY, June 18.—The river, at 11 A. M., is 21 feet 8 inches, and rising. At the village of Harlem the inhabitants are moving out to day. Late last night it was rumored a big rise was coming from the upper river, but this is not yet confirmed. The present high water is due to local rains, and river men express strong hope it will run out before the June rise appears. The flood of 1881, which inundated West Kansas City, reached a stage of 27 feet 5 inches.

SENECA, KAS., June 18.—The news in regard to the rain storm of Saturday night is coming in to-day. All the large streams in the country are overflowed and there is scarcely a bridge but what is damaged or carried away.

At Bakersford, Thomas A. Kins and family attempted to leave their house, which was threatened with destruction by water, and take Mr. Boreani, wife and children along.

There were eight in the wagon, which was caught in the current of Turkey creek and upset. Seven of the party were drowned, Mrs. Boreani alone escaping. She lodged in a tree, but was rescued 14 hours afterwards. Her baby was washed from her arms and drowned. Only one of the other bodies has yet been found.

The Way a Boston Cashier Did Business—$44,000 Short.

BOSTON, June 18.—Arthur H. Blaney, cashier and head book keeper of the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company, Boston, to-day confessed to the embezzlement of $44,000 of the company's funds, owing to mining and other stock speculations. The first intimation of anything wrong was Monday afternoon, last week, when it was found Blaney was $700 short in his cash accounts. His attention was called to the discrepancy, when he said he had taken it for temporary use and would restore it the next morning.

Tuesday he did so, and being questioned about other possible discrepancies, assured the President of the company that his deficit did not exceed $700. It was deemed best to suspend Blaney, and experts soon discovered his defalcations.

His mode of covering up discrepancies was, when a customer drew $500 to charge him as having received $1,000 or more and pocket the money.

Chopped Off His Hand to Escape Labor.

JOLIET, Ill., June 17.—Harry Meyer, alias Muldoon, alias Duncan, one of the most noted thugs in the West, who is serving 14 years for the Fairbanks worked robbery at Wheaton, yesterday deliberately chopped off a portion of his right hand with a cooper's adz, in order to escape further hard labor. His wounds were dressed by the physician and he was marched to a solitary cell.

Treasury Statement.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—The statement of the United States Treasury shows gold, silver and United States notes in the Treasury to-day, as follows:

Gold coin and bullion	$119,539,778
Silver dollars and bullion	114,947,414
Fractional silver coin	26,436,816
United States notes	53,138,304
Total	$301,362,312
Certificates outstanding—gold	61,167,850
Silver	71,766,151
Currency	12,735,000

STAR ROUTES.

Rerdell Discharged — The Cases Against Kellogg and Brady Called.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—In the Criminal Court this morning, Rerdell appeared, accompanied by Merrick and Ker. Judge Wylie asked Rerdell if he desired to withdraw his plea of guilty of conspiracy in the star route case. Rerdell answered in the affirmative.

"Under the circumstances," said Judge Wylie, "the Court has no hesitation in allowing that to be done. One man cannot be guilty of conspiracy. The jury has acquitted the others, and that is enough."

Merrick said the Government would enter a nolle pros. for him. The Court directed the Clerk enter a nolle pros. and Rerdell left.

After the organization of the juries for the June term, Ker called up the case of William Pitt Kellogg, charged with receiving money in connection with a mail contract while in the United States Senate. Ker said he understood Kellogg was under bail. A messenger was dispatched for Kellogg, and Ker then called up the two cases against Thomas J. Brady, charging him with receiving money while Second Assistant Postmaster General, in consideration of increasing certain mail service. Ker said bail had not been furnished in these cases, and asked for process to bring Brady into Court.

Judge Wylie replied that Ker could have the process, and the Court would make it returnable to-morrow.

Wilson said Kellogg would waive reading the indictment in his case, and proposed to file certain pleas in abatement.

Judge Wylie replied Kellogg must waive reading indictment in person.

Kellogg appeared and did this. Wilson then presented his pleas. One of them attacks the construction of the Grand Jury that found the indictment; the other raises the point that orders of the Court were disregarded by failure to return an indictment corresponding with the presentment. The others complain of Ker's presence in the Grand Jury room and his participation in the deliberations of the Grand Jury.

Judge Wylie fixed Saturday next for hearing argument on the pleas.

Williams (for Gen. Brady) asked that the warrant ordered to issue in that case be withdrawn, stating that Gen. Brady was already under $50,000 bail in the untried and original star route indictment. The Court said bail was necessary in this case, but consented to withhold the warrant upon Williams' promise to cause Gen. Brady's attendance in Court to-morrow.

BORDEN---JENKINS.

Particulars of the Louisiana Tragedy, in Which One Preacher was Shot Down by Another.

NEW ORLEANS, June 18.—Several additional facts came out to-day in reference to the Mansfield (La.) homicide, which resulted in the shooting of Rev. J. Lane Borden by Rev. Benjamin Jenkins, jr. Previous to the shooting Borden and Jenkins were the dearest of friends, the latter having joined the church and entered the Methodist ministry mainly through Borden's influence. The cause of the shooting was the seduction by Borden of a young lady of great accomplishments and beauty, only 19 years of age, the daughter of a prominent and wealthy sugar-planter, of Rapides Parish, and who was engaged to be married to young Jenkins. This young lady was an inmate last year of the Mansfield Female College, over which Borden presided, and in which institution also, Jenkins' sisters were being educated. On Wednesday evening the college closed with the usual Commencement exercises, in which this young lady took a prominent part. Young Jenkins, who had been present at the Commencement, started back Thursday to his church at Robilene, by the New Orleans Pacific Railroad, escorting his fiancee part of the way to her home. When he spoke to her of their approaching marriage, she burst into tears and told him a horrible story of her ruin by Borden. The young man seemed crazed by this information. He staggered from the car at the first station he reached, mounted the first returning train, and arrived at Mansfield Friday. He refused to consult with any one about the matter, and did not breathe a word of his trouble to any one. His relatives were astonished at his sudden return and his wild, pale, haggard appearance, but he refused to explain anything or tell them any thing. Early Saturday morning came the tragedy. Borden was speaking to Ned Jenkins, brother of his wife, in front of his father's store, when Ben Jenkins issued from the store, drew a revolver and fired, wounding Borden, but not seriously. The latter fled, ran into a neighboring store, with Jenkins close behind him and still firing, and through the back door. A shot from the revolver struck Borden in the leg and he fell near the door. Jenkins then advanced close to where the wounded man lay and fired a final shot, which took effect in his forehead, blowing his brains out.

Rev. J. Lane Borden has been for the past half dozen years one of the most prominent members of the Louisiana Conference of the Methodist Church, and has held the position of President of the Mansfield Female College, which is under the control of the Methodists, and which enjoys a high reputation throughout Louisiana as an educational institution. Rev. Borden was 33 years of age. He was a married man, and leaves a wife and several children. Jenkins is everywhere spoken of as a young man gentle and noble, and of the purest character.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT.

A Michigan Man Who Wanted to Kill His Wife so He Could Live in Peace in Jail.

JACKSON, Mich., June 18.—Nicholas Miles, of Tompkins Township, this County, an Irishman 78 years of age, came to this City, Saturday night, remained all night at his son in-law's, and this morning surrendered himself to the County jail authorities, informing them that he had committed what might prove a fatal assault on his wife. He was locked up and Deputy Snyder dispatched to the old man's home to ascertain the nature of his wife's injuries. He found her in a dangerous condition with her skull fractured and terribly cut and bruised from the blows and kicks of her husband. It appears from her statement that she and Miles got into an altercation, when he told her she must die. He flew in a terrible rage, knocked her down, and with a stone beat her about the head, cutting the scalp to the bone in several places and fracturing the skull. She lost consciousness, but he continued pounding her until a neighbor chanced to see the transaction, which took place outside the house, and went to her assistance, compelling the old man to desist. Whether she will recover or not cannot be determined at present. The couple have quarreled for years, and he has been arrested at different times for assaults on her. He says she made his life miserable and he was bound to get even with her. Mrs. Miles is about 60 years of age. They have four children, all grown, and one of his daughters asserts that her father had often threatened to kill her mother. On this occasion he told his wife, who begged before he killed her to be permitted to see her children once more, that she had seen them for the last time. It is reported he said he would kill her and then go to prison for life, where he would have a permanent home and be able to live in peace. That he was resolved to kill her there is little doubt. The affair has created a big excitement in the neighborhood. Many people have come in from Tompkins to-day to see the old fellow.

Brutal Murder in Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 18.—Rudolph Brew, 50 years old, was struck down and killed by Albert Nesch, a young man, last night. The dead man met Nesch by appointment, to urge the latter to make reparation for the seduction of the former's daughter. The assault was apparently unprovoked. The assailant is at large.

The Rebels Still Successful.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19.—Capt. Cooper, of the steamer "Tropic," just from Port Antonio, Jamaica, says the Haytien Government made an attack on Miragoane from the sea, and were repulsed with the loss of two vessels and many men. The rebels have captured Jacinet, and have possession of nearly all the Western coast.

A Cyclone at Steubenville:

WHEELING, W. Va., June 18.—This evening about 6 o'clock a cyclone struck Steubenville, O., doing damage to the property of the northern portion of the City to the amount of $15,000. The track of the cyclone was from a due westerly course, and it struck the City at the residence of the late Col. McCrook, uprooting a large number of trees.

The Woodhull Sisters.

NEW YORK, June 18.—A jury declares John Gill unfit to take care of himself or property. The Woodhull sisters, who, it is said, obtained from him a quantity of Government bonds and a deed for a $13,000 house, are said to have escaped to Europe.

Two Brothers Smothered.

MILWAUKEE, June 18.—John and Martin Reuter, brothers, were smothered to death by foul gases in a well they were repairing to-day, at Cold Spring Driving Park. Martin leaves five children, and John leaves a wife and four children.

WIT OF THE MODERN GAULS.

What Paris Laughs At.

At a wayside inn:

Guest—"What does this mean, eh? Here's an item: 'Gas, two francs.' Why, you have no gas in this house!"

"I know it, sir!"

"Then what makes you charge for it?"

"So as to be able to afford to put it in, sir!"

A vigilant sentinel is posted at the door of a picture gallery with strict orders of the customary character.

A sightseer happens along and is promptly halted.

"Here, sir, you must leave your cane at the door!"

"But, my friend, I haven't got any cane!"

"Then go back and get one! No one is allowed to pass in here unless he leaves his cane at the door. Orders is orders!"

At a public resort:

Anxious inquirer, to polite doorkeeper—"I say, did you see a tall, fair-haired man go in here a few minutes ago?"

Doorkeeper, with profound courtesy—"Yes, sir. Indeed, I have seen 875 of him go in."

Two gentlemen are discussing a third, while the coach jolts painfully over the uneven surface of the street.

"He's a sad scoundrel, I fear," says one.

"Not such a sad scoundrel," replied the other, as the vehicle plunged into a hole in the pavement, "as we have ——"

"Wh-what?"

"As you think," says the other triumphantly, recovering his breath.

A lady of irreproachable character brings an action for divorce against her husband upon grounds which the Judge evidently regarded as trivial, though he is as evidently unable to make her see the fact. Finally says the worthy Magistrate:

"Madam, then you desire your husband punished? You will not forgive him?"

"I do, sir! Never-r-r, sir-r-r!"

"Very well, then; I will deal with him with the utmost severity possible. Your petition is refused!"

Scene between a debtor and his creditor:

"So, then, you refuse to pay?"

"Positively."

"I won't stir out of here until I get my money."

"You will, p. d. q."

"See if I do."

"I will." (Seizes a club).

"Hallo, don't you club me! If you do I'll yell—I'll raise a row."

"Deligted to hear it."

"I'll alarm the neighborhood!"

"No, you won't! I'm a dentist, and they'll think I've got a customer at last, and it'll make my credit good!" (Clubs him).

"Coachman, I am in a hurry! Have you a good horse?"

"Oh, monsieur, an old racer."

"Then hurry, Gare D'Orleans!"

"Impossible, I have to walk him, for as soon as this horse trots it runs away."

Those modest Gascons!

One of them was complaining, to a friend, of the difficulty he found in creating a social position for himself.

"Enlist," said the friend. "If a war should break out you would perhaps become a General some day."

"General! Oh, that would be impossible. I know myself. I am so brave and enthusiastic that I should be killed before even being made a Corporal."

Some friends were telling before Goudinet, the other day, of a traveler, who had been devoured by cannibals. Every one naturally pitied the victim.

"It is frightful," said the author of the "Panache;" "but there is, at least, one consolation. The victim is always sure of having been loved for himself!"

A youngster of a dozen years went to pass the Whitsuntide holidays with his grandmother in the country.

In the evening, when they sat down to dinner, the grandmother cried:

"Oh, my! There are 13 of us!"

"Don't be worried, grandmother," cried the youngster; "I will eat for two."

Worth the Money.

Drakes' Travelers' Magazine.

An Indiana farmer walked into the house the other day with a tickled look upon his face and his hat on his ear, and called out:

"By gum! Hanner, what do you think?"

"What's happened now?"

"You know that fellow that sold me the churn and had me sign a paper?"

"Yes."

"Well that paper was a note for $50!"

"Noa?"

"True as preaching. And what do you suppose?"

"He sold it?"

"Right you are. Went and sold it to a bank in Vincennes, and I've got to pay it. Think of it Hanner—my note good 'nuff to be sold to a bank four stories high, and plate glass windows, and they send me the same kind of a notice to pay as they do a rich man. I must let Sims hear of it in some way. The Sims family look upon us as scrubs, and here we are treated the same as if we rode in a keeridge behind four horses."

A New Electric Scheme.

Washington Capital.

There is a project for a Brush-Swan Electric Light Company in Washington, to supply illumination both for the streets and for interior uses. The company is being organized by Mr. A. A. Hayes, jr., who is connected with the Brush-Swan Company in New York. The plan is to utilize water power from the canal a mile above Georgetown. A 500-horse power turbine wheel is to be put in there, and the electricity will be brought to the City by large wires and distributed. The machinery will be run in the day time to charge portable batteries, which can be carried about like milk-cans and used to supply residences by what is known as the independent supply system. The cheapness of this method of obtaining the electric fluid ought to enable the new company to supply lights much cheaper than those which are now used by the hotels and Avenue merchants.

He Sticks to "We."

The editor of the *Two Laredos*, Tex., is man of all work—*e pluribus unum*—and has been puzzled to determine whether he should writes himself in the singular or plural, but decides on the latter: "As we are publisher, manager, editor-in-chief, local, market, weather, matrimonial, commercial and marine reporter, compositor, pressman and devil, one by one, as necessity may require, we had about concluded to assume the pronoun 'I,' instead of the editorial 'we;' but when we reflect that we would have to distinguish ourselves in our various capacities by saying, 'I, the manager,' 'I, the matrimonial reporter,' etc., and bethought ourselves that we might some time have occasion to say, 'I, the devil,' have finally concluded to stick to the good old-fashioned 'we.'

Base Ball.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The new scheme of running two base ball matches at the same time at the Polo Grounds has not proved a success. People desert the American team to watch the League games. It costs 25 cents more to see the League games, but they are so much more interesting and exciting that it is well worth the money. Scarcely a handful of people attend the American games, while there are thousands and thousands at the other end of the Polo Grounds watching the crack teams of the great Cities that belong to the League. It is a case of too much enterprise.

Nothing Like Keeping Up Appearances.

Puck.

The man who dropped a tin tobacco-tag into the contribution plate says that he at least deserves the credit of having put in an appearance.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, June 20, 1883.

TRADE.

There was a slight improvement in trade during the past week. The failure of the great lard and provision firm of McGeoch, Averingham & Co., doing business in Chicago and Milwaukee, unsettled not only the provision, but likewise the grain markets. Several firms were effected by the failure and three have failed. However, the depression will be but temporary, as business generally is being done on a safe basis, and recovery from the excitement will be rapid.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, increase	$ 611,500
Specie, increase	718,900
Legal tenders, decrease	397,300
Deposits, increase	2,399,800
Circulation, decrease	139,400
Reserve, decrease	278,125

The banks now hold $8,791,056 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 2 @ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4½@5 @ cent. Bar silver, 110. Sterling Exchange weaer: $4 83¼ for 60 days; sight, $4 86¼. Government Bonds higher for 5s; unchanged for others. State Securities dull and nominal. Railroad bonds firm but less active. Stocks—Since 11 o'clock the market was strong at an advance, in which the whole list participated.

Government Bonds—5s extended, 103¾ bid; 4½s, 112¾; 4s, 119⅝; 3s, 103½; Pacific 6s, '95, 127 bid.

The following will show the change in Govern. ment bonds during the past week:

	June 19.	Jane 12.
5's, extended	103½	103⅝
4½'s, coupons	112¾	112¾
4's	119⅝	119⅝
3's, registered	103⅝	103½
Pacific 6's of '95	127	128

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4's	119⅝	119⅝
3's, registered	103⅝	103½
Pacific 6's of '95	127	128

The price of wheat for cash in this market for the week ended Monday, June 18, 1883, was:

	Tues.	Wed.	Thu.	Frid.	Sat.	Mon.
No. 2 Red	115½	115½	115¼	115	114	113¾
No. 3 Red	....	....	109¼	109	108¾	....

The price of No. 2 Red wheat for for future delivery